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THE ABBOTT HOUSE, PROVIDENCE.

THIS ancient and picturesque building, in which Roger Williams is said to have held his prayer-meetings, was erected by Mr. Samuel Whipple, one of the early settlers of the Providence Plantations, and who was the first person buried in the old North burying-ground. The house must be more than two centuries old, and it is the only structure in

since, when the erection of a monument in his memory was contemplated, an excavation of the burial-place revealed the outline of his skeleton, transformed into a root of the apple-tree, which is now preserved in one of the halls of Brown University.

The life and character of Roger Williams are so well known that any details in this

where, "in one year's time, he filled the place with principles of rigid separation, tending to Anabaptism;" driven to Rhode Island, where he became the father of a State; the founder of the Baptist denomination in America; withdrawing in a short time from the communion of the Church which he established; the first man in New England to proclaim ab-



THE ABBOTT HOUSE.

the State of which any fragment remains in any way identified with the memory of Williams. There is in fact no picture or engraving or bust by which his form and features can be identified, and the statue which stands in the Capitol, bearing his name, is a purely ideal work of art. There is, however, one relic of the man that is somewhat unique. For several generations an apple-tree had been growing over his grave, and, a few years

connection would be superfluous. A *protégé* of Sir Edward Cooke in his boyhood; a distinguished scholar at Oxford; a friend of Milton's, with whom he "read many languages;" at first a clergyman of the Church of England, and afterward a Puritan of the Puritans; an emigrant to Boston in 1631; an assistant-pastor of a church in Salem; soon obliged to retire to Plymouth, because of his extreme views; resuming his labors in Salem,

absolute liberty of conscience; a most prolific writer of books and pamphlets; an ardent controversialist; the warm and generous friend of the Indian, with whom he had no quarrels; the resolute defender of Rhode Island when she was refused admission to the New-England league—whatever may have been his faults, we cannot but feel that he was a man worthy of remembrance and honor—a true Christian hero.

MY DAUGHTER'S WATCH.

I.

IN the latter part of 185— my daughter Bobinette, as she permitted us to call her, made a journey to Aiken, South Carolina, in the company of an invalid friend, a Miss Merlin, who had been induced to make a fresh attempt for health amid the delightful scenes in that portion of the country. But, as in other cases, the most salutary remedy, a change of atmosphere and surroundings, was used too late; and, instead of recovering, the sick girl was forced to contemplate the unhappy prospect of death in a strange land, and amid unknown faces.

When it was clear that the end was finally approaching, the remnant of her family, consisting of but three persons, was summoned to her bedside with the utmost haste, and, for the ten days preceding her death, the poor girl was calmed and soothed with a thousand artful kindnesses.

Three days before my bereaved girl finally closed the eyes of her friend, a summons was sent to me from the sick-room. When I entered it there was no one present, except the wasted and bright-eyed inhabitant of the sick-bed.

The air was permeated with a tender perfume of flowers, and the strong sunlight outside was reduced to the softest glow. The silence was mournful, and yet it conveyed an inexpressible delight.

Presently, the invalid, with something of an effort, drew from beneath her pillow a letter, enclosed in an envelop, and, with a trembling hand, extended it toward me with a full glance of her lustrous eyes.

She indicated that I should sit down beside her. She then began to whisper:

"You will find that a strange message for a sister to write, I think. But, when you remember how much I love Bobinette, you will see a reason for all that I have said. Perhaps you may think me cruel; but I am not. I am only sensible. (A smile, or rather a shadow of a smile, crossed her face.) I beg you not to think I have made a mistake; my brother Richard has been here seven days, and I have seen his old farce too often to be blinded. He is playing it with all his art, and this time Bobinette is to be the victim; not much of a victim, perhaps—but, still, he will make her unhappy. You must not think that I mean she is weak and too easy to yield, for she is very far-sighted. Still, some of us are pretty quick to love, and we make mistakes sometimes. Separate them; keep them apart; keep a perpetual distance between them. Put Bobinette upon her honor not to write to him nor hear from him; run the risk of being thought overbearing and unreasonable. And, besides, beware of him yourself; he is very shrewd and very pleasing. He has more tact and grace than any man I ever knew. He is very intelligent, very wilful, and very wanton. He makes love for amusement. You say that is a very common thing. Well, so it is; but still, we ought to prevent it. I have done a little, for the letter is more explicit. Be very careful of what you do."

I looked at her, somewhat anxiously, perhaps. She smiled again.

"No, no; I am quite sane. Perhaps it is best that you should not read what I have written until I have gone away; that will be within three days; let me think—this is Thursday, is it not? Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Yes, you may read it on Monday."

When I was permitted, in obedience to these directions, to break the seal of the envelop—which, indeed, happened on Monday—I found Miss Merlin's letter to be one of the most touching compositions I ever read.

Besides being peculiarly sad, it contained a very subtle analysis of the two spirits it most concerned. She retained her dual character of sister and friend—now betraying the most delicate affection and sympathy, and now pointing out with a firm hand the blots and discrepancies which existed with her brother. I followed her words with the nervous anxiety that one might feel while witnessing a scene of torture, and, when I concluded, it seemed that I had heard an impeachment and a prayer which must have cost untold pain to make. But, for certain reasons, I had already suspected that young Merlin was a devil.

The reasons were these:

For several years previous to his sister's death I held the honorary post of prison inspector in the State of M—. I had no duties to perform; but, having always felt a keen interest in the criminals of all classes, I took advantage of the opportunities which my position afforded to become intimate with prison economy, and with the wretched prisoners themselves. I applied myself principally to the study of faces, and it was not long before I became, or fancied I became, an expert physiognomist. I frequently amused myself (if that is the word) by predicting the behavior and temper of the criminals as they were incarcerated, and, although such a vanity is not precisely commendable, I believe my forecasts were very generally correct. Like all amateurs, I considered the fine points, and I learned to place a scrupulous weight upon the length or expression of a lip, the droop of an eyelid, the course of a fold or wrinkle in the flesh, and the manner or duration of a glance. A little knowledge of phrenology also assisted me, and that, together with what I have detailed, besides a general familiarity with the presence and bearing of villains of all grades, enabled me to judge a sinister man with tolerable correctness.

Previous to my interview with Miss Merlin I had met Richard but a very few times; but, while I had at the outset put him down as a man to be avoided, I confess I was not prepared to believe what his sister wrote concerning him. I was thoroughly astonished. Her practical affection for Bobinette required that I should know the extent of the dangers I must avoid. It appeared, therefore, that her brother had, in one country or another, committed nearly every crime excepting that of murder. He had escaped heavy punishment by means either of his wealth or the deep sympathy he always contrived to awaken, and his sister assured me that he was at that time (the period of her fatal illness) under no

indictment whatever; for which mercy she devoutly thanked God.

In person, Merlin was slightly undersized, with falling shoulders, powerful neck, slender but well-filled figure, and with the carriage of a prince. He wore a thick, brown mustache and imperial, stepped with a springing pace, dressed with extreme neatness, and, to a careless observer, nothing could surpass in happy frankness and candor the common expression of his face. But the sensitive alertness of his eye betrayed him to me; then I began to notice how easily his broad, white forehead became corrugated from nervousness; and how, like a flash, the startled man, all teeth and claws, would spring out through the veil of gentleness and circumspection. His voice was remarkable for its strength and mellowness. It was not sweet, but it was manly and pleasant. His conversation was admirable, his manners irreproachable, and his bearing a marvel of ease and elegance. Had I been a woman, I should have been filled with admiration; but, being a parent, I hastened out of his presence, carrying my daughter with me.

It is hardly necessary to say that I kept my conversation with Miss Merlin a profound secret, and neither did I show, in the smallest way, that I looked with disfavor upon her brother. I felt that Bobinette was too bereaved and harassed to make it politic for me to impose a new cause for unhappiness upon her; I waited until the shock of Miss Merlin's death had passed away, and I then returned to New York.

Upon my arrival, I immediately set to work to lighten the load which oppressed my poor girl. I kept her amid as much bustle and change as she could bear, and brought to her new friends and associates; and, in a few months, my efforts met with a fair reward. She began to regain her color and something of her old vivacity.

Among the trinkets which Miss Merlin left her, was a very beautiful Geneva watch, of the best workmanship. Upon the dial there was affixed a miniature portrait of the giver; and, in order to secure it against loss, Miss Merlin had had the following inscription engraved upon the inner surfaces of the outer case:

"To the finder: the owner of the watch may be found by addressing an inquiry at No. — Gramercy Park.

"To its purloiner: this is a gift from a dying friend to one whom she loved most dearly. The picture upon the face is that of the giver, and it is she who begs you to return it. An ample reward will be found awaiting you, and you are promised that you will not be detained. May Heaven enable you to resolve that this theft shall remain your last crime!"

The temper of this inscription is susceptible of criticism, were one disposed to make it; but Bobinette daily read and reread the precious hundred words with weeping eyes and full heart, and thought very little of the higher moralities.

Merlin's name frequently occurred in our conversation, and the only peculiarity I could detect in my daughter's manner of speaking of him was what seemed to me a rather scant appreciation of his good qualities. She did

not appear to avoid the subject, yet she was not quite warm enough upon it to suit me. I was rather suspicious, and therefore quite apt to imagine evils where perhaps none existed.

We spent the winter in the city, and I arranged to occupy a cottage upon the rugged and beautiful sea-shore of Northeastern Massachusetts during the summer; and, in the last of May, we made preparations to journey thither.

At about that time I heard, I acknowledge to my relief, that Merlin had gone to Heidelberg, where he was said to have many friends, his education having been obtained at the university several years before.

We settled down comfortably in our new home, and there soon began a pleasant round of summer gayeties, which happily involved Bobinette, and made her more cheerful than ever.

II.

In the latter week of August I was called to Boston by an unusual agitation of the markets, and I took the opportunity to visit the State-prison at Charlestown, its excellent warden being a good friend of mine. It so happened that I was admitted to the rotunda just at the moment when the prisoners were ascending to their cells from the workshops. I listened a while to the terrible roar made by the grinding of rough feet upon the iron stairways, and the harsh slamming of the cell-doors, and I then crossed to the northern side, where, by looking down, I could see the convicts take their loaves and pannikins of meat from the shelves which projected from the kitchen. The file of men seemed endless; and, as the sight was not a novel one to me, I was about to turn away, when my attention was attracted by the upright and independent bearing of one of the group. Like the others, he had on the blue, tiara-looking cap, and I caught a full view of his face as he seized his ration from the wooden ledge and turned to pass up the stairs.

His mustache and imperial were gone, but I recognized Merlin in spite of the alteration.

I kept him in sight until he entered his cell, which, fortunately, was near enough to the grating to permit me to see its number, and I then asked the turnkey respecting its occupant.

His name appeared to be Blaney. He was a prisoner for assault with intent to kill. It occurred to me that Merlin had now very nearly completed the circle of crime.

I was told, moreover, that his sentence had been rather light, and there were but forty days intervening before his liberation.

"What do you know of the man?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing very bad as yet, sir," responded the turnkey, with a humorous look; "but he is very capable, and perhaps he may come to something in course of time. He is a fellow of great promise. He has got a pretty fair teacher."

"Who is it?"

"Max Hauptman, the German. Blaney must be an apt one, to work under such a great school-master as that."

I declared that I never heard of the man, and the turnkey seemed somewhat surprised that such a fame had never reached me.

I began to make inquiries.

It seemed that Hauptman had been a Prussian mining-engineer, but that he had fled his country upon the discovery of some defalcations in which he had been concerned. He was a man of great personal beauty and vigor, and he possessed a superior education. He had a natural love for mechanics, was a first-class chemist, was at home in good society, and was, in fact, a genius turned villain. The police were a little afraid of him, and the banking-houses were in constant terror. I was told that his plans always betrayed great foresight and patience, and also that he developed no peculiar bent—that is, he displayed no particular love for burglary, forgery, thieving, confidence-operating, or swindling, but that he paid equal attention to all, and seemed to be quite as successful in one as in the other. He appeared to be a very Napoleon of scoundrels. He would be seen in one portion of the country one day, and in another almost incredibly distant on the next. He defied both laws and locks. His combinations were far-fetched, singular, but always consistent and invariably successful. A score of States had indictments against him. A brace of sheriffs were constantly in pursuit of him, but during his career of twelve months they had been able to lay hands upon him but twice, and he broke jail in each instance and escaped. He would suddenly appear in the midst of a community, explode his torpedo, and disappear. None could discern his approach, prevent the catastrophe, or discover a trace of the criminal; the bank was impoverished, the check was collected, the dupe was fleeced, the huge wallet was abstracted, the fair-looking draft was paid, and there was no vengeance to be had. Only a very few people agreed upon his appearance, no one knew his handwriting, and it seemed that there must have been a thousand tones to his voice. This being, then, was the adviser, instructor, and friend of Merlin, the gentleman who was said to be in Heidelberg, and also to be an admirer of my daughter! I returned home intending to disclose to Bobinette the full measure of information I had collected; but, when I was about to denounce Merlin, a fancy that the *exposé* was not at that moment precisely demanded, restrained me, and I kept my lips closed—I said nothing.

Now, that Hauptman's name had been brought to my attention, I began to notice paragraphs respecting him in the papers. Notes of admiration were to be found after the detailing of some of his new and daring exploits. His name was used to point thrusts made at official inefficiency, and the leader-writers seized upon him to illustrate all blemishes known to human kind. Yet he was not captured: a dozen jails yawned for him, and rewards were offered by nearly every bank and express association in the country. Hauptman was fast becoming famous, and people admired him.

Meanwhile, Bobinette was preparing a disagreeable surprise for me.

One day she entered my study in the middle of the afternoon, and sat down beside the fire—there was a small one of wood, the weather being cool. She clasped her hands upon her lap, and then unclasped them. She

seemed distressed. I said nothing, but I hurriedly reflected if I had committed any mistake for which I was now to be brought to account. I put aside my books, and waited with some anxiety.

She told me, in a faltering voice, that she had been writing to Merlin, and that she had received letters from him in return.

I was confounded. For several moments I was unable to say a word. Bobinette began to weep.

Presently I asked when they exchanged letters for the first time.

"After we arrived in New York, sir," was the reply.

"And the last time?"

"To-day."

"Where is Merlin?"

"In Heidelberg," answered my daughter, raising her head; "he has a great many friends there, and a great many enemies here, men who tell dreadful stories—"

"Do you direct your letters to Heidelberg?" I interrupted.

"No, sir; I send them to a friend of his in Boston, who takes charge of all that goes to Rich—to Mr. Merlin."

The half-uttered word was not lost upon me. The time had clearly come for me to disclose what I had concealed. Before I could begin, however, Bobinette placed in my hands nearly thirty letters, some of which she begged me to read. They were dated from various places.

"Try and not think ill of me," she whispered, placing her hand upon my arm, and looking me earnestly in the face. "I wanted to wait until I was sure myself. I knew he had done many strange things, and I knew he was entangled with a great number of strange men, but I also knew he was trying as hard as he could to break away. I was sure of that." Her hand closed a little. "So he has been telling me how he was succeeding. Besides that"—here she dropped her voice still lower—"besides that, he says I was the cause of the change, though I did know it." Poor Bobinette covered her face with her hands, and again burst into tears.

I read the letters. To know they were letters from Merlin was to know and comprehend every thing—that is, I thought so. I remembered that, at my death, my daughter would have a tolerable amount of property. Therefore I looked upon the closely-written pages before me with any thing but an indulgent faith.

I agreed with myself that the letters were shrewdly beautiful, artfully earnest, skilfully constructed, and deceptively manly. "Here," thought I, "is a splendid mirage of that grand and pathetic creature, a penitent and Christian villain."

I felt my daughter's eyes searching my face. When I finished the letters, I found her sitting upright in her chair, with her fingers intertwined upon her lap. She had discovered that I was an antagonist.

I then commenced to expose Merlin. I went as far back in his history as I was able, and detailed his behavior almost down to the present time.

I kept my eyes upon the fire. Now and then a faint sigh came from Bobinette, or

perhaps a slight rustle of her dress. Otherwise she was calm.

Finally I launched my thunder-bolt, though not without care and warning. I told her what I had seen and heard in the State-prison at Charlestown.

My daughter arose suddenly from her chair and made a few long but uncertain steps toward the door, there coming from her lips at the same time a low and agitated murmur, such as one sometimes hears from insane people. I hastened toward her, but she ran from me, and, with a face of extraordinary whiteness, hastened up the stairway and vanished from my sight. I sent instantly for a physician, who told me, quite late in the evening, that I need have no fear. He suggested that, though the agitation had been deep and violent, her calm and equal temperament would prevent its doing any serious mischief.

I immediately wrote to a friend in the city, to know if my daughter could be permitted to visit her for a few days. I obtained a warm invitation, and begged her to accept it. She was too reasonable not to perceive that the move was an admirable one. Before she quitted me, she kissed me, saying at the same time, half mournfully:

"I am only half converted even now. It seems too terrible that I should be only a part of his plan, instead of being his whole object. No, I do not think he *could* have meant that; yet—and did you say you *saw* him there? Yes? But perhaps what you heard was not positively true; perhaps the person who told you about his previous life had an object; perhaps he made the story look wicked because he had an interest."

I shook my head.

"Who was it?"

"His sister."

"Oh!"

Bobinette fixed a pair of sad eyes upon me, and after a moment she went away, while I returned to my books again, wretched and uneasy.

III.

MAX HAUPTMAN was destined to become a powerful disturbing element in a little group of business friends and associates, of which I was a member. He set us all by the ears, one fine morning, when it was discovered that he and two others had played havoc with our deposits which lay in the vaults of the real-estate bank, the robbery of which a few persons may have sorry cause to remember. The operation, in the thieves' view, was particularly successful. The conduct of the feat was made with so much cleverness that the experts at once set it down to the credit of the old pest, and the hue-and-cry was raised with tenfold vigor.

I hurried to the scene of disaster, but was greatly relieved to find that my personal loss was in registered railroad-bonds, the abstraction of which causing merely a temporary inconvenience. But my fellow-depositors lost heavily. A cry of rage and anguish arose on all sides, and the newspapers denounced the police until all was blue. The detectives jumped into the breach, but in a few days they began to creep out again, empty-handed.

There was not the smallest clew to Hauptman's whereabouts; and, although every tongue was in full gallop, and every eye penetrated and scrutinized in all directions, yet he and his capture were totally lost. There was not even a whisper of a compromise, and the startled community seemed to lie helplessly upon its back, staring with open eyes at this new proof of one man's dexterity. Had the people placed hands upon Hauptman at this juncture, I believe they would have burnt him at the stake.

I returned home, and found a new surprise awaiting me. Bobinette was walking up and down the longest room in the house, wringing her hands and weeping as if her heart would break for grief. She had returned but an hour before.

She had lost her watch.

The loss had occurred the second day after she reached the city; but such was her nervous prostration that the misfortune accumulated new distresses every hour, and she was now in a condition pitiable to behold. She had unfastened her hair, and permitted it to fall about her shoulders; her eyes were swollen and inflamed, and she was in a severe paroxysm of hysterics. I reminded her of the inscriptions upon the case. She asked if I thought they would be of any use. I assured her I was certain that they would, and I recounted the obvious reasons. For an honest finder the direction was clear; for a thief the great advantage was too plain. I predicted we should hear from it within forty-eight hours.

Had I said twenty-four, I should have given time enough and to spare; for early on the next afternoon the watch came to the surface.

The day was particularly clear and sunny, but a sharp east wind arose, and we were driven within-doors. At four o'clock I heard some one at the door, and presently I was told that a visitor wished to see me. He sent no name. A similar announcement had been sent to Bobinette. We encountered each other at the door of the reception-room. She was hesitating. She was not clear upon the propriety of receiving a stranger; but, when I appeared, she took my arm, and we entered together.

The caller's back was purposely turned toward us until the door was closed. Then he turned around.

It was Merlin, well dressed, easy, and serious.

I was astonished. Bobinette uttered a faint exclamation; and, grasping my sleeve with both hands, she retreated a step, and fixed a prolonged and questioning gaze upon this incomprehensible man.

He made no salutation. He proceeded as if he were a stranger to us.

"Your daughter has lost a watch, which my poor sister gave to her as a keepsake, has she not?"

"Yes," I replied.

"It came into possession of a man who is now not far from here. I recognized it, and induced him to arrange for its return. I knew the value your daughter placed upon it. The man who possesses it is not willing to part with it, for he is wealthy, and he ad-

mires its exquisite and perfect workmanship. You have my word for that."

I could not help a smile. Merlin grew scarlet.

"How much do you demand?" I asked.

"He demands three hundred dollars," was the reply.

"Very well."

"There is something else. He would not surrender the watch to me, and he wants its owner to promise him personally that there shall be no prosecution in any case. Therefore it will be necessary that your daughter go with me to make the promise, identify her watch, and pay the money."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed.

"Those are not my terms," he answered, with a slight gesture of submission; "I merely repeat his words. He also insists that a promise be given that no attempt to follow us shall be made. We can go on foot or in a carriage, just as you prefer. We shall meet him walking on the road between here and B——."

I shook my head. A moment's silence followed. Merlin stood with his hand resting upon a table, now fixing his gaze upon me, and now upon my daughter. Bobinette whispered:

"I must have my watch, pa."

"Are you not afraid?"

"No. I will drive in my phaeton. He can sit behind in the rumble. He shall not speak to me."

"If he does, you will not answer him?"

"No."

Bobinette's circumspection was inborn, and I had little to fear in that direction, no matter how powerfully she might be influenced. I recalled the inestimable value she put upon her lost keepsake, and I felt that what Merlin had said was true; there was no other way open. I consented that she should go.

She quitted the room to make her preparations, and I was left alone with Merlin. He had evidently waited for this moment; for, no sooner had the door closed, than he came forward a step, and I must confess that he impressed me with the dignity of his manner.

"You know who I am, sir, do you not?"

"Yes," I replied, "I do."

He bowed, flushing for the second time.

"I have freely placed myself in a questionable light before you, in order that your daughter shall not suffer. I act as a go-between for evil people, so that she shall not lose a gift from my sister, whom she loved so well."

"We are obliged."

"Since I met your daughter at my sister's bedside, I have steadily labored to break free from my old manner of life; and, while I apologize for mentioning her in the same sentence with myself, I hope you will permit me to tell you that hers is the only good influence that I feel."

I indicated that it was unpleasant to hear him speak of her. He continued, with a little constraint:

"Perhaps you do not understand why one cannot easily turn his back upon bad associates—"

"Is it necessary for me to know?" I interrupted.

"I am coming to that, sir."

"Very well."

Then he explained the inner workings of criminal society, and detailed how unsafe and ill-advised it would be for one member of it to step suddenly out of the brotherhood and become an antagonist, or even a passive observer of it. He spoke of the thousand confidences which bind such men together, and of the endless complications which almost inextricably involved one life with all the others. I began to pity him. He told me that, by slow degrees, he was gradually breaking away, and that the hour was not far distant when he hoped to be free.

"Well?" said I.

"Then I shall be an honest man."

"I am glad of it."

He fixed upon me a look of indescribable meaning.

"Then I should be worthy of respect."

"Certainly."

"And love," he cried, in a trembling voice, advancing toward me with a radiant face.

I thought to myself that this was capital acting. I laughed at him. He stopped as if shot. His hands and arms rose up above his shoulders, and he stared at me until I could not bear his bright eyes.

"No, no, Merlin," I cried, "I acknowledge your art, but fortunately I know you too well to be deceived by it."

"Deceived!" he repeated, in a voice which now comes back to me with a woful sound—"deceived! I had hoped for encouragement and kindness from you; ah! it is I who am deceived."

He sank back, seemingly overwhelmed.

In order to fortify myself, I recounted what I knew of his history. I followed his course here and there throughout the country, naming the deeds he had committed, the places where he had been imprisoned, and my vanity finally impelled me to explain why I thought him irreclaimable.

Meanwhile, such a look of misery settled upon his handsome face that I was forced to pause in my harangue and think of his sister's letter. By doing this, I was enabled to denounce him.

"You are known to the police of every city from San Francisco to Portland. Your associates are scoundrels, your friends are criminals, your enemies are honest men. Your reputation for skillful deception and concealment is unparalleled; you can feign and pretend so artfully that you are almost equal to your friend Max Hauptman. Your aims are all evil and wicked. Your hand is perpetually raised against order. You are a flaw in the machinery; you are a reproach and a—"

He interrupted me. While I looked at him I could not repress a sense of admiration. He was at once commanding and pathetic; the set of his head, the expression of his face, and the vigor indicated in the pose of his figure, filled me with a distrust of my own insight.

"All that has been," he replied, in a calm tone, "I do not dispute a word. But we all

look into the future with hope. You do; you are an upright man. Why will you not permit me to be the same, I who have so much more need of a future? The purity of your daughter came upon me like a revelation. I said to myself, 'I will turn about.' But I found myself in a terrible web. A thousand eyes were constantly upon me. I had committed a thousand misdeeds, which I had not yet requited for; I was hampered with an accumulation of old sin. But I struggled; I began to get away; in a few months it began to tell, although there hung, and still hangs, over my head a few charges which, with the help of God and the memory of your daughter, I shall clear away. Do not turn away from me. I do not implore, I only ask. Give me some assurance; try and believe me; take my hand." (I retreated. He followed a step or two.) "There is no danger," he cried, in a penetrating voice. "I do not ask you to promise me any thing but your sympathy. Will you not take my hand? Will you not? I—I—"

He stretched them both toward me. His fingers closed and unclosed with great rapidity, and his lips quivered like a child's. His eyes grew luminous, and their transmitted ardor began to inflame me.

I was again compelled to remember the sister's letter. That was a quick resolute. I perceived nothing but the consummate pretender. I made a motion of denial.

"I confess I do not understand what you are aiming at, at this particular instant," I said; "but I beg that you will not consider that you have made the least impression upon me. I have no money in the house save enough to furnish the sum you mentioned; all my table service is plated ware, and has no value. I declare I have nothing to tempt the worst of your associates. As for the watch, I predict it will not be forthcoming, but I permit my daughter to go with you in order to satisfy her that she has made all possible attempts to recover her treasure. You cannot expect that I can believe the professions of such a man as yourself."

Merlin had become a statue. His lower jaw seemed to have fastened itself upon the upper one, and this gave his visage an expression of supreme resolution.

His eye was cold, and his flesh white. His shapely and athletic figure was drawn together, as if, in the retirement of his spirit within itself, he had also put a check upon his body.

At this moment Bobinette entered the room cloaked and gloved. Her phaeton was ready for the journey.

Merlin moved forward.

"I will give you two hours," I said, taking out my watch; "if my daughter has not returned by that time, I shall go and search for her."

He bowed.

I thought I detected a suggestion of pity in my daughter's face. In order to harden her, it came into my head to expose the quality of the man.

"Merlin," said I, "will you consider me inquisitive if I ask where you have been for the last half-year?"

I can easily understand why he dreaded

to tell the truth at that instant above all others. I now bitterly accused myself of having taken an unfair advantage. He told a falsehood, and he told it with deliberation.

"I have been in Germany."

Bobinette and I exchanged glances. The reply had done its work.

As Merlin was about to step into the rumble, he turned around and said, in a tone which was pregnant with feeling:

"Do I understand that you completely distrust me?"

"Yes, decidedly. You have no right to expect any thing else."

"Suppose the watch is returned, what then?"

"I shall be surprised!"

"Will you not be a little more lenient also?"

"Yes."

"Then, what you require is, proofs of my sincerity?"

"Of course."

His lips compressed, and he trembled from head to foot.

"And then—" he whispered, with the look of a tortured man; "and then—"

"Well, and then," I replied, "and then, being sincere, you cannot desire to impose the shadow of your past life upon one which has been faultless. Do you understand? You have incurred a perpetual reproach, but you would be a monster to require a wife and a child to share it with you."

He walked down the steps with a very heavy tread. Bobinette gathered up her reins. I had forgotten the money, and hastened to get it. When I returned, Merlin sat with his arms folded, and with his head sunk upon his bosom. He had an air of immeasurable sorrow.

I pressed my finger on my lips, as my daughter gave me the parting glance, and then I hastened within the house to wait in some anxiety for her return. It was the middle of the afternoon, and there was yet three hours of sunlight to come.

I found that I retained in my mind a vivid picture of Merlin's emotion. Perhaps I began to upbraid myself a little, or began to suspect that I had been over-critical.

At half-past four Bobinette returned, looking pale and distressed. She did not have the watch. I felt a momentary sense of triumph.

She told me her story in snatches.

Three miles out of town they had overtaken an old man in a gray coat, a wide-rimmed felt hat, who motioned Merlin to stop the carriage at a distance, and to approach him on foot. This was done. Bobinette then said she heard them wrangle and dispute for ten good minutes, at the end of which time the old man turned and walked off into the woods, while Merlin came back to her with a frightful face. He said the man had changed his mind, and now would not sell the watch for any sum.

She described Merlin as being mad, insane with rage, although he kept control of himself before her. She enlarged upon the terrible looks he turned upon the spot where the other had disappeared. She could not forget

them; indeed, she covered her face with her hands, and endeavored to shut them out.

"Did he send any message to me?" I asked.

"Yes; he reminded me that the county fair was to begin to-day at L—, and he begged me to ask you to be there on the third day, in the afternoon. He said that then he would redeem himself, both to me and to you, and to all."

I asked Bobinette particularly about the old man. She could give me but little satisfaction. It seemed that her eyes were occupied with Merlin. She even said little about the watch, but she was anxious that I should understand the message about the fair.

"Remember it, pa; he was dreadfully in earnest. You understand what I mean, do you not?"

"Yes."

"And are you going?"

"Yes, I shall go."

"I am glad of it," she replied; "I am sure something is going to happen."

"And are you going too?" I inquired.

"Yes, for he asked me to." As I looked at her, it occurred to me that I was treading on dangerous ground.

IV.

I WENT to the fair with something of the sensations of a guilty man. In vain did I contend with myself that my behavior toward Merlin was absolutely demanded by the exigencies of the case. I could not suppress the feeling that I had committed an outrage in some way, and that in some fashion or other I had gone beyond the proper limits.

When we got within the gates, at one in the afternoon of the appointed day, I searched for Merlin in the crowd, with the vague idea of exhibiting a better spirit toward him, but I was not granted the opportunity, for he was not to be seen.

The weather was extremely warm. There was not an obscurity in the sky; and the noise of the bellowing men and cattle on every hand, together with the stifling clouds of fine white dust which arose upon the slightest agitation, plunged us at once into a discomfort which would have been altogether unbearable under other circumstances. I did not care to keep under the sheds where the endless displays of fruit and vegetables were made; for, suspecting that we were under the surveillance of some eyes unknown to us, I preferred to keep always in open sight.

I met many friends, and among them two or three city folk, whose presence was a surprise to me. They whispered that they had been asked to be present by some unknown person, and for some unknown purpose. Then I recalled that they were sufferers by the depletion of the real-estate bank.

I began to have my suspicions, but I said nothing. I fixed tired Bobinette's hand a little farther upon my arm, and kept a more interested watch upon my surroundings. We tramped hither and thither, now looking with listless eyes upon the violent ploughing-matches, or the competing butter-churners, and now stopping for an instant at the sheep-pens or cattle-stalls. At three o'clock we were told there were to be several races of young

horses in the little track at the farther end of the ground.

At about half-past two, while we were standing in a little crowd, curiously watching the motions of a man who was exhibiting a new method of shoeing horses, two cards were thrust into my hand, and some one whispered in my ear: "Find an old gentleman with blue cravat and white-cotton gloves, and follow him at a distance."

I turned hastily about, but being distanced by the crowd at that particular instant, I was unable to detect my communicant. My cards were two tickets to the private enclosure beside the judge's stand on the race-course.

I immediately set out to find a person who might answer the description given me. After a busy ten minutes, Bobinette discovered him. He was standing, back to us, bending over a large rack, upon which were tied some monstrous bunches of grapes. He was a broad-backed personage, dressed after the old style, in a blue coat with bright gilt buttons. His hair was quite long and very white, and a thick bunch of whiskers curled up from beneath his chin, and enveloped his neck and part of his face. He had the required blue neckcloth and white gloves, and he supported himself with a heavy cane; but now and then he placed the ivory head between his lips, the act giving his face a very ugly appearance.

We pursued this man with great circumspection; or, to be more correct, we kept him in sight with great care. I felt a pretty strong excitement growing up within me, especially as I noticed this old gentleman was approached now and then by a young farmer, in a long blue frock, who invariably gave him a card, which the old gentleman secretly perused.

At three, a brazen bell was rung, and a general movement toward the race-course was at once commenced. The old gentleman also turned his feeble steps thither, and we followed him. Presently, I also discovered that my city friends had tickets similar to mine, and it was not long before we recognized each other, and we then walked along through the scorching heat in company.

Within the paddock to which we were admitted were quite two hundred men, who stood in a circle, surrounding the scales in which the jockeys were to be weighed.

About twenty feet to my right stood this old gentleman, with his tall hat drawn well down upon his head, and with his cane-top pressed into one of his dust-covered cheeks. Farther on I saw his shadow, the young farmer.

Every thing was at a stand-still, for the jockeys were dressing in a neighboring tent. I felt Bobinette's hand tighten a little upon my arm. She was looking in the direction of the old gentleman.

"Look at those men," she whispered. There had silently appeared in the rear of the quiet septuagenary three powerful fellows, with bare arms, holding in front of them what might be taken for horse-halters.

The young farmer was stirring the dust with the toe of his boot. Otherwise no one moved. All were awaiting the jockeys. I looked at the farmer's face with curiosity. Suddenly its heaviness was partially dispelled.

By degrees his figure lost its loutish pose, and the back straightened, the shoulders broadened, the head arose, and the eyes travelled quickly around toward the calm old gentleman. I recognized Merlin. My heart began to beat. I saw the men in the rear handle their ropes. Then, with a secret motion, Merlin thrust his goad into the sand.

All at once the venerable white-head gave an almost imperceptible start. Men accustomed to be hunted recognize a counter-current, as a fox does a scent. His nostrils distended, his mouth drew down at the corners, and his lowering eyebrows arose:

Suddenly there was a terrible spring and a rush, and Merlin leaped upon his breast and bore him back.

The feeble old man instantly became a giant. He was attacked by four. One of these he stunned with a blow which gave out a sound as if one stone had fallen upon another. A cloud of dust rose up. In the midst of this cloud there appeared, now a straining limb, now a striking arm, now a writhing body, now a horrible head, with starting eyes, shut teeth, and straggling hair. At first, we heard oaths and cries of fury; then the rending of clothing, long-drawn sighs, and gasped orders, and, finally, groans, and terrible curses, uttered in half-exhausted whispers.

Then there was complete silence. The dust began to float away; it withdrew like a curtain.

The old man lay upon the ground bound hand and foot. His white hair had disappeared, and that which we now saw was of a brown color. His torn clothing exhibited here and there a portion of his muscular body, and his immense chest arose and fell like that of a Titan. Instead of being ugly and wrinkled, he was youthful and handsome. His dull eyes were now brilliant, and, notwithstanding his exhaustion, one could comprehend that he was a man of splendid vigor. Merlin left his side with a rapid step. He was about to approach us when, turning, he fixed his eyes upon the fallen man. He leaped back again, and for the second time threw himself upon his enemy: "Give me another rope, quick. Quick! He is almost free again. Quick!"

One was thrust into his hands. With great dexterity he knotted it about the elbows and knees of the other, and finally arose with an expression of triumph.

He looked around. The motion was a grand one; we shall never forget it. His chest broadened, and a faint smile crossed his beautiful face. He stepped over the prostrate body and fixed his eyes upon me.

He cried, as he came up to us:

"That is Max Hauptman. He is my best friend, but I surrender him to justice. I betray him."

The man upon the ground uttered a prolonged cry of mingled protest and rage. He lifted his head and fixed his bloodshot eyes upon Merlin, and then made one long tremendous struggle, during which his body seemed to bound upon the earth.

All eyes were fixed upon Merlin. There was something transcendent in the spirit which animated his face. He looked noble, happy, powerful. At that moment there was

nothing I would not have given to him, no promise I would not have made had he asked for it.

He spoke to the little group which surrounded Bobinette and myself; his tone was moderate, and his voice, although somewhat broken, was peculiarly low and pleasing:

"Gentlemen, I have committed the last crime that man can be guilty of. I have been a traitor to one who trusted me. He is one of the worst of men, and so am I, but the faith that each of us had in the other was as strong as the faith of angels. Hauptman has been my companion and friend, but I now put him into the hands of the officers. Do what you like with him. Hang him if you choose." He fixed his eyes upon mine.—"Do you believe in me now, in spite of the watch affair? You know you only wanted proofs of my honesty." I was about to extend my hand; he put his own behind him. "No, sir," said he, in a singular tone. "I have no right to do that. You told me not long ago what I am. I have since comprehended you, I now feel the shadow that you spoke of. I have done the most in my power to repay for the injury I have inflicted upon the world. I put the great Max Hauptman into your hands. I do not know that I have anything more to say." He cast a lingering glance over the faces before him. "I did not stir, though I felt a sense of awe stealing over me. Suddenly his eyes encountered Bobinette's. He turned away, and then came back again. He looked irresolute.

Then he approached her, with his eyes fastened upon hers. She did not move. I did not interpose. He stooped and kissed her upon the lips. It was done in an instant. With a tranquil face he stepped back, and, turning upon his heel, he walked out into the open space where Hauptman could see him.

Then he committed, not a cowardly, but a terrible and an heroic act.

He drew a large-barrelled pistol from his pocket and shot himself through the breast.

He fell backward, his arms and head sinking deep into the powdered clay, and sending up little clouds of yellow dust, which hid his body from our eyes.

How much of the blame for this lies with me? Or am I guiltless? For thirteen years have Bobinette and I argued and consulted. We cannot be satisfied. It is far beyond our reach and compass. Her watch is an incomparable symbol; it means every thing; it is a poem, a romance, a rack, and even a hymn. But we listen in vain for its approval; it is accusative.

ALBERT WEBSTER, JR.

UNDER THE CLOAK.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON.

IF there is a thing in the world that my soul hateth, it is a long night journey by rail. In the old coaching days I do not think that I should have minded it, passing swiftly through a summer night on the top of a speedy coach with the star arch black-blue above one's head, the sweet smell of earth and her numberless flowers and grasses in one's nos-

trils, and the pleasant trot, trot, trot, trot, of the four strong horses in one's ears. But by railway! in a little stuffy compartment, with nothing to amuse you if you keep awake; with a dim lamp hanging above you, tantalizing you with the idea that you can read by its light, and, when you try, satisfactorily proving to you that you cannot; and, if you sleep, breaking your neck, or at least stiffening it, by the brutal arrangement of the hard cushions.

These thoughts pass sulkily and rebelliously through my head as I sit in my *salon*, in the Ecu at Geneva, on the afternoon of the fine autumn day on which, in an evil hour, I have settled to take my place in the night train for Paris. I have put off going as long as I can. I like Geneva, and am leaving some pleasant and congenial friends, but now go I must. My husband is to meet me at the station in Paris at six o'clock to-morrow morning. Six o'clock! what a barbarous hour at which to arrive! I am putting on my bonnet and cloak; I look at myself in the glass with an air of anticipative disgust. Yes, I look trim and spruce enough now—a not disagreeable object perhaps—with sleek hair, quick and alert eyes, and pink-tinted cheeks. Alas! at six o'clock to-morrow morning, what a different tale there will be to tell! dishevelled, dusty locks, half-open, weary eyes, a disordered dress, and a green-colored countenance.

I turn away with a pettish gesture, and, reflecting that at least there is no wisdom in living my miseries twice over, I go down-stairs, and get into the hired open carriage which awaits me. My maid and man follow with the luggage. I give stricter injunctions than ordinary to my maid never for one moment to lose her hold of the dressing-case, which contains, as it happens, a great many more valuable jewels than people are wont to travel in foreign parts with, nor of a certain costly and beautiful Dresden china and gold Louis Quatorze clock, which I am carrying home as a present to my people. We reach the station, and I straightway betake myself to the first-class *salle d'attente*, there to remain penned up till the officials undo the gates of purgatory and release us—an arrangement whose wisdom I have yet to learn. There are ten minutes to spare, and the *salle* is filling fuller and fuller every moment—chiefly my countrymen, countrywomen, and country children, beginning to troop home to their partridges. I look curiously round at them, speculating as to which of them will be my companion or companions through the night.

There are no very unusual types: girls in sailor hats and blond hair-fringes; strong-minded old maids in painstakingly ugly waterproofs; baldish fathers; fattish mothers; a German or two, with prominent pale eyes and spectacles. I have just decided on the companions I should prefer: a large young man, who belongs to nobody, and looks as if he spent most of his life in laughing—(alas! he is not likely! he is sure to want to smoke!)—and a handsome and prosperous-looking young couple. They are more likely, as very probably, in the man's case, the bride-love will overcome the cigar-love. The porter comes up. The key turns in the lock; the

doors open. At first I am standing close to them, flattening my nose against the glass, and looking out on the pavement; but, as the passengers become more numerous, I withdraw from my prominent position, anticipating a rush for carriages. I hate and dread exceedingly a crowd, and would much prefer at any time to miss my train rather than be squeezed and jostled by one. In consequence, my maid and I are almost the last people to emerge, and have the last and worst choice of seats. We run along the train looking in; the footman, my maid, and I—full—full everywhere!

"*Dames seules?*" asks the guard.

"Certainly not! neither '*Dames seules*,' nor '*fumeurs*,' but if it must be one or the other, certainly '*fumeurs*.'"

I am growing nervous, when I see the footman, who is a little ahead of us, standing with an open carriage-door in his hand, and signing to us to make haste. Ah! it is all right! It always comes right when one does not fuss one's self.

"Plenty of room here, 'm; only two gentlemen!"

I put my foot on the high step and climb in. Rather uncivil of the two gentlemen! neither of them offers to help me, but they are not looking this way, I suppose. "Mind the dressing-case!" I cry nervously, as I stretch out my hand to help the maid Watson up. The man pushes her from behind; in she comes—dressing-case, clock, and all; here we are for the night!

I am so busy and amused looking out of the window, seeing the different parties bidding their friends good-by, and watching with indignation the barbaric and malicious manner in which the porters hurl the luckless luggage about, that we have steamed out of the station, and are fairly off for Paris, before I have the curiosity to glance at my fellow-passengers. Well! when I do take a look at them, I do not make much of it. Watson and I occupy the two seats by one window, facing one another. Our fellow-travellers have not taken the other two window-seats; they occupy the middle ones, next us. They are both reading behind newspapers. Well! we shall not get much amusement out of them. I give them up as a bad job. Ah! if I could have had my wish, and had the laughing young man, and the pretty young couple, for company, the night would not perhaps have seemed so long. However, I should have been mortified for them to have seen how green I looked when the dawn came; and, as to these *commis voyageurs*, I do not care if I look as green as grass in their eyes. Thus, all no doubt is for the best; and at all events it is a good trite copy-book maxim to say so. So I forget all about them: fix my eyes on the landscape racing by, and fall into a variety of thoughts. "Will my husband really get up in time to come and meet me at the station to-morrow morning? He does so cordially hate getting up. My only chance is his not having gone to bed at all! How will he be looking? I have not seen him for four months. Will he have succeeded in curbing his tendency to fat, during his Norway fishing? Probably not. Fishing, on the contrary, is rather a *fat-making* occupation; sluggish and

sedentary. Shall we have a pleasant party at the house we are going to, for shooting? To whom in Paris shall I go for my gown? Worth? No, Worth is beyond me." Then I leave the future, and go back into past enjoyments; excursions to Lausanne; trips down to the lake to Chillon; a hundred and one pleasantnesses. The time slips by: the afternoon is drawing toward evening; a beginning of dusk is coming over the landscape.

I look round. Good Heavens! what can those men find so interesting in the papers? I thought them hideously dull, when I looked over them this morning; and yet they are still persistently reading. What can they have got hold of? I cannot well see what the man beside me has; *vis-à-vis* is buried in an English *Times*. Just as I am thinking about him, he puts down his paper, and I see his face. Nothing very remarkable! a long black beard, and a hat tilted somewhat low over his forehead. I turn away my eyes hastily, for fear of being caught inquisitively scanning him; but still, out of their corners I see that he has taken a little bottle out of his travelling-bag, has poured some of its contents into a glass, and is putting it to his lips. It appears as if—and, at the time it happens, I have no manner of doubt that he is drinking. Then I feel that he is addressing me. I look up and toward him: he is holding out the phial to me, and saying:

"May I take the liberty of offering madame some?"

"No, thank you, monsieur?" I answer, shaking my head hastily and speaking rather abruptly. There is nothing that I dislike more than being offered strange eatables or drinkables in a train, or a strange hymn-book in church.

He smiles politely, and then adds:

"Perhaps the other lady might be persuaded to take a little."

"No, thank you, sir, I'm much obliged to you," replies Watson, briskly, in almost as ungrateful a tone as mine.

Again he smiles, bows, and reburies himself in his newspaper. The thread of my thoughts is broken; I feel an odd curiosity as to the nature of the contents of that bottle. Certainly it is not sherry or spirit of any kind, for it has diffused no odor through the carriage. All this time the man beside me has said and done nothing. I wish he would move or speak, or do something. I peep covertly at him. Well! at all events he is well defended against the night chill. What a voluminous cloak he is wrapped in; how entirely it shrouds his figure; trimmed with *fur* too! why, it might be January instead of September. I do not know why, but that cloak makes me feel rather uncomfortable. I wish they would both move to the window, instead of sitting next us. Bah! am I setting up to be a timid dove? I, who rather pique myself on my bravery—on my indifference to tramps, bulls, ghosts? The cloak has been deposited with the umbrellas, parasols, spare shawls, rugs, etc., in the netting above Watson's head. The dressing-case—a very large and heavy one—is sitting on her lap. I lean forward and say to her:

"That box must rest very heavily on your knee, and I want a footstool—I should be

more comfortable if I had one—let me put my feet on it."

I have an idea, somehow, that my saphires will be safer if I have them where I can always feel that they are *there*. We make the desired change in our arrangements. Yes! both my feet are on it.

The landscape outside is darkening quickly now; our dim lamp is beginning to assert its importance. Still the men read. I feel a sensation of irritation. What can they mean by it? it is utterly impossible that they can decipher the small print of the *Times* by this feeble, shaky glimmer.

As I am so thinking, the one who had before spoken lays down his paper, folds it up and deposits it on the seat beside him. Then, drawing his little bottle out of his bag a second time, drinks, or seems to drink, from it. Then he again turns to me.

"Madame will pardon me, but if madame could be induced to try a little of this; it is a cordial of a most refreshing and invigorating description; and, if she will have the amiability to allow me to say so, madame looks faint."

(What can he mean by his urgency. Is it pure politeness? I wish it were not growing so dark.) These thoughts run through my head as I hesitate for an instant what answer to make. Then an idea occurs to me, and I manufacture a civil smile and say, "Thank you very much, monsieur! I am a little faint, as you observe. I think I will avail myself of your obliging offer." So saying, I take the glass, and touch it with my lips. I give you my word of honor that I do not think I did more; I did not mean to swallow a drop, but I suppose I must have done. He smiles with a gratified air.

"The other lady will now, perhaps, follow your example?"

By this time I am beginning to feel thoroughly uncomfortable. Why, I should be puzzled to explain. What is this cordial that he is so eager to urge upon us? Though determined not to subject myself to its influence, I must see its effect upon another person. Rather brutal of me, perhaps; rather in the spirit of the anatomist, who, in the interest of science, tortures live dogs and cats; but I am telling you *facts*—not what I ought to have done, but what I *did*. I make a sign to Watson to drink some. She obeys, nothing loath. She has been working hard all day; packing and getting under weigh, and she is tired. There is no feigning about her! She has emptied the glass. Now to see what comes of it—what happens to my live dog! The bottle is replaced in the bag; still we are racing, racing on, past the hills and fields and villages. How indistinct they are all growing! I turn back from the contemplation of the outside view to the inside one. Why, the woman is asleep already! her chin buried in her chest; her mouth half open; looking exceedingly imbecile and very plain, as most people, when asleep out of bed, do look. A nice invigorating potion, indeed! I wish to Heaven that I had gone in *fumeurs*, or even with that cavalcade of nursery-maids and unwholesome-looking babies in *dame seules*, next door. At all events, I am not at all sleepy myself: that is a blessing. I

shall see what happens. Yes, by-the-by, I must see what he meant to happen: I must affect to fall asleep, too. I close my eyes, and, gradually sinking my chin on my chest, try to droop my jaws and hang my cheeks, with a semblance of *bona-fide* slumber. Apparently I succeed pretty well. After the lapse of some minutes, I distinctly feel two hands very cautiously and carefully lifting and removing my feet from the dressing-box.

A cold chill creeps over me, and then the blood rushes to my head and ears. What am I to do? what am I to do? I have always thought the better of myself ever since for it; but, strange to say, I keep my presence of mind. Still affecting to sleep, I give a sort of kick, and instantly the hands are withdrawn, and all is perfectly quiet again. I now feign to wake gradually, with a yawn and a stretch; and, on moving about my feet a little, find that, despite my kick, they have been too clever for me, and have dexterously removed my box and substituted another. The way in which I make this pleasant discovery is that, whereas mine was perfectly flat at the top, on the surface of the object that is now beneath my feet there is some sort of excrescence—a handle of some sort or other. There is no denying it—brave I may be—I may laugh at people for running from bulls; for disliking to sleep in a room by themselves, for fear of ghosts; for hurrying past tramps; but now I am most thoroughly frightened. I look cautiously, in a sideways manner, at the man beside me. How very still he is! Were they his hands, or the hands of the man opposite him? I take a fuller look than I have yet ventured to do; turning slightly round for the purpose. He is still reading, or at least still holding the paper, for the reading must be a farce. I look at his hands: they are in precisely the same position as they were when I affected to go to sleep, although the pose of the rest of his body is slightly altered. Suddenly, I turn extremely cold, for it has dawned on me that they are not real hands—they are certainly false ones. Yes, though the carriage is shaking very much with our rapid motion, and the light is shaking, too, yet there is no mistake. I look indeed more closely, so as to be quite sure. The one nearest me is ungloved; the other gloved. I look at the nearest one. Yes, it is of an opaque waxen whiteness. I can plainly see the rouge put under the finger-nails to represent the coloring of life. I try to give one glance at his face. The paper still partially hides it; and, as he is leaning his head back against the cushion, where the light hardly penetrates, I am completely baffled in my efforts.

Great Heavens! what is going to happen to me? what shall I do? how much of him is real? where are his real hands? what is going on under that awful cloak? The fur border touches me as I sit by him. I draw convulsively and shrinkingly away, and try to squeeze myself up as close as possible to the window. But alas! to what good? how absolutely and utterly powerless I am! how entirely at their mercy! And there is Watson still sleeping swinishly! breathing heavily opposite me. Shall I try to wake her? But to what end? She, being under the influence of that vile drug, my efforts will certainly be

useless, and will probably arouse the man to employ violence against me. Sooner or later, in the course of the night, I suppose they are pretty sure to murder me, but I had rather that it should be later than sooner.

While I think these things, I am lying back quite still, for, as I philosophically reflect, not all the screaming in the world will help me: if I had twenty-lung power I could not drown the rush of an express-train. Oh, if my dear boy were but here—my husband, I mean—fat or lean, how thankful I should be to see him! Oh, that cloak, and those horrid waxy hands! Of course I see it now! They remained stuck out, while the man's real ones were fumbling about my feet. In the midst of my agony of fright, a thought of Madame Tussaud flashes ludicrously across me. Then they begin to talk of me. It is plain that they are not taken in by my feint of sleep: they speak in a clear, loud voice, evidently for my benefit. One of them begins, by saying, "What a good-looking woman she is—evidently in her *première jeunesse* too"—(reader, I struck thirty last May)—"and also there can be no doubt as to her being of exalted rank—a duchess probably."—"A dead duchess by morning," think I, grimly. They go on to say how odd it is that people in my class of life never travel with their own jewels, but always with paste ones, the real ones being meanwhile deposited at the bankers. My poor, poor sapphires! good-by—a long good-by to you. But, indeed, I will willingly compound for the loss of you and the rest of my ornaments—will go bare-necked, and bare-armed, or clad in Salvati beads for the rest of my life, so that I do but attain the next stopping-place alive.

As I am so thinking, one of the men looks, or I imagine that he looks, rather curiously toward me. In a paroxysm of fear lest they should read on my face the signs of the agony of terror I am enduring, I throw my pocket-handkerchief—a very fine cambric one—over my face.

And now, O reader, I am going to tell you something which I am sure you will not believe; I can hardly believe it myself, but, as I so lie, despite the tumult of my mind—despite the chilly terror which seems to be numbing my feelings—in the midst of it all a drowsiness keeps stealing over me. I am now convinced either that vile potion must have been of extraordinary strength, or that I, through the shaking of the carriage, or the unsteadiness of my hand, carried more to my mouth, and swallowed more—I did not mean to swallow any—than I intended, for—you will hardly credit it, but—I *fell asleep*!

When I awake—awake with a bewildered mixed sense of having been a long time asleep—of not knowing where I am—and of having some great dread and horror on my mind—awake and look round, the dawn is breaking. I shiver, with the chilly sensation that the coming of even a warm day brings, and look round, still half-unconsciously in a misty way. But what has happened? how empty the carriage is! the dressing-case is gone! the clock is gone! the man who sat nearly opposite me is gone! *Watson is gone!* but the man in the cloak and the wax hands

still sits beside me! Still the hands are holding the paper; still the fur is touching me! Good God! I am *tête-à-tête* with him! A feeling of the most appalling desolation and despair comes over me—vanquishes me utterly. I clasp my hands together frantically, and, still looking at the dim form beside me, groan out—"Well! I did not think that Watson would have forsaken me!" Instantly a sort of movement and shiver runs through the figure: the newspaper drops from the hands, which, however, continue to be still held out in the same position as if still grasping it; and behind the newspaper, I see by the dim morning light and the dim lamp-gleams that there is no real face, but a mask. A sort of choked sound is coming from behind the mask. Shivers of cold fear are running over me. Never to this day shall I know what gave me the despairing courage to do it, but, before I know what I am doing, I find myself tearing at the cloak—tearing away the mask—tearing away the hands. It would be better to find *any thing* underneath—Satan himself—a horrible dead body—any thing—sooner than submit any longer to this hideous mystery. And I am rewarded. When the cloak lies at the bottom of the carriage—when the mask, and the false hands and false feet—there are false feet, too—are also cast away, in different directions, what do you think I find underneath?

Watson! Yes: it appears that while I slept—I feel sure that they must have rubbed some more of the drug on my lips while I was unconscious, or I never could have slept so heavily or so long—they dressed up Watson in the mask, feet, hands, and cloak; set the hat on her head, gagged her, and placed her beside me in the attitude occupied by the man. They had then, at the next station, got out, taking with them dressing-case and clock, and had made off in all security. When I arrive in Paris, you will not be surprised to hear that it does not once occur to me whether I am looking green or no.

And this is the true history of my night journey to Paris! You will be glad, I dare say, to learn that I ultimately recovered my sapphires, and a good many of my other ornaments. The police being promptly set on, the robbers were, after much trouble and time, at length secured; and it turned out that the man in the cloak was an ex-valet of my husband's, who was acquainted with my bad habit of travelling in company with my trinkets—a bad habit which I have since seen fit to abandon.

VISIT TO A GEORGIA SUGAR-CAMP.

SUGAR-BOILING IN SOUTHWEST GEORGIA.

AS I had with me for a few days, in the character of a very entertaining and welcome visitor, one of "our Northern friends," whose pampered soul had been, from his filigree cradle, stimulated by the deliciously intoxicating variety of kaleidoscopic Broadway, and upon whom I had in a little time entirely exhausted my small den of rural lions, I was soon put to my wits' ends

to devise some preventive of his going melancholy mad during his short sojourn at my humdrum country-house. But, to my relief, most fortunately he overheard a servant, in answering some casual question, mention "Dat day was bilin' surrup." At this his ears were instantly erected, not so much in all likelihood from any curiosity as to "the great agricultural interest" involved or concerned in the commercial item of "sugars," as from a vague hope of change, which, of necessity, promised to be more agreeable than the intolerable monotony which was then *fidgeting* his ordinarily precise person. Secretly rejoiced, I, of course, seized the favorable moment, and gladly acceded to the very broadly-hinted desire of witnessing that process which the "amendment" had described as "bilin' surrup." So, snatching up his hat, very much as one would a life-preserver on a sinking ship, my companion hurried closely after me out into the open air. Although it is nominally winter, the northern blasts, before reaching this soft climate, have so exhausted themselves by their long and furious travel as to have left but just enough of original bitterness as suffices to drive away such "small deer" as gnats and mosquitoes, and to make the sunny the preferable side of the old rotting rail-fence along which we are walking.

As my visitor trudged by my side, stopping occasionally to flip a pebble at some epicurean lizard turning over his rusty back so as to intercept the warmest rays, or to inwardly wonder at the astonishingly near approach that is made, by the rich and variegated hues of the forest foliage, to the perfected beauty of certain landscapes that he had approvingly criticised in the art-galleries of New York, I modestly essay to illuminate his deplorable city ignorance in regard to the deep mysteries of sugar-boiling and kindred subjects, which laudable effort he affably deigns to encourage by cheering "ahs" and "yesses."

"You have never seen the cane growing?" I ask.

"No," reluctantly, as if he had no doubt that there was plenty of it to be seen in the Central Park, but that, by some unaccountable mischance, he had never had his attention particularly directed to the manner of its culture.

"Well, then," I resume, professorially, "we will begin at the beginning. You have seen the cane?"

"Oh, yes. Munched on it all the way down the railroad. Looks like red corn stalks. Devilish heavy and sticky to handle, too."

"Precisely. Now, when the ground is prepared for it, which is done very like you prepare yours for corn, only it is a 'reserved right' down here in Georgia not to stick the plough into the ground more than three inches deep. Furrows are run off usually at intervals of six feet, and in the bottom of these, overlapping each other, are placed short pieces of cane two or three feet long, and then the earth is thrown back by another round of the plough. In the course of the next four or six weeks, from every joint or 'eye' of the cane there spring up little delicate green spears

something like coarse water-grass. These grow, and 'tiller' like wheat, so that from one eye frequently a dozen or more stalks will be gathered."

"Yes?" quoth New York.

"Yes," I respond, in some doubt as to the meaning of that new part of speech—an interrogative yes. "It is cultivated like corn, as late in the season as possible, but, as each joint of each stalk has a long, saw-edged leaf growing out from it, these very early become so dense as to prevent any work being done between the rows, and indeed, as their shade at the same time, too, prevents any growth of grass, there is no great need of cultivation. Later on, as the stalks grow taller and fill with sap, they become top-heavy, and fall about in every direction, inextricably confused, making a jungle that has not the slightest resemblance to any cultivated crop."

"Ah!" groans my friend, ineffectually striving to conceal a cavernous yawn.

"The dry days of autumn," I continue, didactically—"the dry days of autumn sweeten the sap and shrivel up the fodder-blades, many of which drop off to the ground, though, until killing cold weather occurs, there is always enough of these remaining to keep up a perpetual rustling sound, which is altogether unlike any other noise, and when first heard produces a very peculiar sensation. When there comes an afternoon so chilly as to warn the negroes that probably on the following night there will be a frost sharp enough, as they say, 'to tech de cane,' they go to the field, and with mattocks dig up by the roots so much of the crop as they purpose saving for the planting of the next year, and, putting it together in "mats" about two feet thick, cover half their length with dirt. After these have 'sweated,' or steamed, sufficiently long to remove all apprehension of either 'souring' or 'dry rot,' the uncovered ends of the mats are then covered over with dirt, and so remain until the planting-season of the coming spring. After thus securing the 'seed-cane,' the remainder of the crop is cut down close to the ground with heavy and peculiar knives made especially for that purpose, and hauled to the mill, which is always placed near at hand, where it is ground, and then boiled either into syrup or sugar. While this is going on, the negroes devote themselves to fun, frolic, beer-drinking, and syrup-eating."

"Well!" gasps my now thoroughly bored auditor, as he assumes a hypocritical grin of pretended interest in the lecture.

"This industry is as yet in its infancy in Georgia, the mills and boiling apparatus being of the most primitive character, and the cane-'patches' very small; but, like your hay-crop, when collected, it is even now of importance, and more attention is being given it every year. There is no good reason why quantities of sugar should not be exported from Southern Georgia; and very soon, no doubt, there will be."

In this profitable intermingling of locomotion and learning, and in satisfying my friend's curiosity on various outside issues—one of which was an excited inquiry in regard to a number of buzzards (which he innocently mistook for wild-turkeys) sitting in solemn con-

clave on the bare limbs of a lightning-riven pine deep down in the swamp-forest—enough time was consumed for us to reach the scene of action, to wit, the sugar-mill. *

This consisted of two roughly-hewed pieces of timber, placed together in the form of an inverted V, and mortised at the apex; a mule at each end furnished the motive power, and their walking around the circle sets in motion a simple system of cog-wheels, by which, under the junction of the levers, two vertical, wooden rollers, having a narrow aperture between them, into which two or three cane-stalks might be simultaneously "fed," are revolved. As the levers have to make a complete circle to effect one revolution of the rollers, generally, to squeeze the juice from one "feeding" of canes, the mules are compelled to move circularly twelve or fifteen yards; an operation very much like the old Indian method of obtaining a spark of fire, by a laborious rubbing together of two sticks. On one side of this simple machinery is a large mound of cane, from which the mill is supplied; and, tied to a stump, a lean yoke of oxen meekly chewing the rejected cane-tops. On the other side, a pile of resinous pine-logs, or "light-wood," is heaped up, which serves to furnish fuel to the furnace. And, in front, stands a clapboard shed, some fifteen feet square, sheltering two large kettles that are embedded in rude brickwork; underneath the kettles blazes and roars a glowing fire. Around and under this shelter, in various sitting and reclining postures, are five or six negro men, and a half-dozen negro boys from four to ten years of age; numerous dogs, of course.

In the foreground, and upon a bony, rickety horse that, with eyes closed, and head hanging sorrowfully down, is resting himself upon the toe of one of his hind-feet, sits a personage of about fifty-five, at whom, as he is contentedly engaged in social converse with the group of negroes, the most cursory glance suffices to reveal the fact that, within his rusty, closely-buttoned coat, all is peace and calm, and that its owner esteems the personal pulchritude therein contained very highly indeed. If Nature's tire-women had ever daintily labored at his adornment, all traces of that fruitless toil are now invisible to the naked eye; yet he, the principal person concerned, is evidently perfectly satisfied with his unique corporality, and, with amusing complacency, frequently surveys its wondrous construction.

A tall, battered, bell-crowned hat—having enough of the Mansard angularities to authorize the assignment of its erection to the *renaissance* period—testifying, by a multitude of grievous indentations, to the severity of the "civil war" and subsequent "reconstruction," surmounts a cranium, from which depend, at uneven lengths, a few straggling, hay-colored locks. Underneath its greasy, napless brim are a shallow skin, two mild eyes, slightly stained with blue, like an over-ripe duck-egg, a long, thin nose, with its tip twisted decidedly to one side, and a mouth, the customarily consequential pout of which is made more prominent by an ornamental habit that its owner has of resting his quid between the lower front teeth and the under lip. A feeble

beard, in color matching the hair, patches over cheeks, chin, and throat. This, in its inception very likely, was confidently expected to flow, like Aaron's, in wavy billows, from ears to girdle; but, owing apparently to the diversity of soil, those fond hopes have been cruelly blasted, and now it hangs, like lichens on an old, decaying tree, here thick and bushy, there sparse and thin, leaving various-sized intercallary spots bare to the bitter blasts. On this countenance there are certainly no facial indices of abstruse calculations, or of loving dalliance, *à la* Brougham, in idle moments with the "higher mathematicians;" nevertheless, the skill and exactitude with which, at short intervals, streams of tobacco-juice are projected over and beyond the puffy under lip force upon the mind the conviction that here all the properties of the parabola are as familiar as household words. The lower extremities of this figure are incased in a pair of rusty, dingy-red, scow-like brogans; while a yellow "chasm," exposed just above them by the "secession" of socks from pants, furnishes ocular demonstration of there being a continuation here below of the self-same skin which produced the beard above. The mapping of the intermediate territory I must leave to the reader's imagination.

In this horseman I recognize my neighbor, Mr. Poindexter, who is accustomed to relax his mind by invariable attendance upon all such festive gatherings as sugar-boilings. There has ever been floating in my mind a vague, tantalizing suspicion that, in the long, long gone-by, Mr. Poindexter's ancestors awayed a kingly acceptre—on some lone, distant isle, perhaps. I know not whence it comes—whether from a certain startled expression (as if he was conscious of having waked up in the wrong box) at times perceptible in his usually pensive, skim-milk-colored eyes, the Austrian lower lip, though that I know to be chiefly an outward evidence of the inward quid, or the triyllabic roundness of his imposing cognomen—yet I find myself kneeling, at least in spiritual homage, before him whenever we chance to meet. Outragious Fortune has flouted him sorely if such, indeed, be his origin. Even his name has not escaped. For, within my memory, it has declined from the regal Poindexter to Pondletter, Pounddebtor, Poundlighter, and now its very latest and most authentic representation phonetically is the base, plebeian Ponditcher. By this muddy misnomer is he known among his fellow-men. *Eheu! eheu! sic transit, etc.* But I—precisian that I am—cling to the original orthography, and in salutation sound—to its owner's delighted ears—each sonorous syllable.

As we approach, Mr. Poindexter dismounts, and this descent from horseback to *terra firma* reveals another personal charm hitherto concealed by his previous equestrian elevation. Standing now, as he would declare, "aquar up," his knees jut very far forward—an appearance which, when it occurs in horses, jockeys term "sprung"—causing his legs from "fork" to heel to present in profile what natural philosophers style a "concavo-convex" surface. On nearing him, he salutes "the stranger" with a formal nod, and

greet me with "Good-evenin', colonel. Feggs! this is prime weather fur bilin' surrup."

Now, my neighbor is no whit more certain of the baptismal appellation of his first-born and tow-headed heir, *videlicet*, Alonzo Alcibiades Mortimer Poindexter, vulgarly corrupted into Cotton-head Ponditcher, than he is of my total discomfiture should I, before a further acquisition of knowledge, be questioned as to the difference between "eyes right" and the "right flank;" but the usages of good society—in virtue of my ownership of a "lot er lan'" and the before-mentioned yoke of butt-head steers—imperatively demand a title; and, in a rigid observance of those usages, Mr. Poindexter opines, lies his chiefest glory.

I will here remark, parenthetically, that there was current *outside* of Georgia, in the dim past before the war, a legend to this effect: that it were a vain tautological excess and a vicious prodigality of words for one to say of an adult male Georgian that he was a major. But this derogatory rumor lacks that confirmation necessary to entitle it to admission into a veracious history; and, indeed, in all probability it was merely the verdigressed coinage of an envious Alabamian's brain. However, be that as it may, nothing less than "colonel" will now satisfy the exigencies of the occasion; but, by that prefix, any man in Georgia may be addressed with absolute safety. It is true that if the speaker be of a sparkling, vivacious turn of mind, and desirous of ingratiating himself by a seductive variety in his titular colloquialisms, he may prudently inject an occasional "judge." This seeming superfluity of grandeur he need not fear to bestow freely—the same person will appropriate it all without flinching. Either of these titles singly will be found to give satisfaction; though perhaps a judicious mingling of the two, properly persisted in, would in the long-run procure the most votes.

"You heern, I spose," continued Mr. Poindexter, "of the skirmishin' in town tother day?"

"Yes," I answer; "I heard of it."

Mr. Poindexter refers to an attempt made a few days before by several hundred negroes to forcibly release one of their race who was confined in the jail for theft. As, of course, many of them had been recognized, the sheriff was now very busy, and warrants fluttered about like autumn leaves, to the intense consternation of those implicated. The deep interest, plainly shown through a vain effort to conceal it, in the present turn of the conversation, exhibited by all of the negro men, betrays some close connection on their part with that defiance of law. Jesse stirs the boiling juice nervously, and seems to be looking down to its very bottom, as if for something lost. Tony, with the pop-eyes, being youthful, squirms about silently miserable on a light-wood log; and Sol, stretching his limbs, informs the company that he "*muss* go and see 'bout dem dar tatars."

"It beats all!" resumes Mr. Poindexter. "Why, white folks even wouldn't go verbally an' rally roun' er jail in that thar owdashus way!"

"Have many been arrested?" I ask.

"Yes, they her, colonel," answers Mr. Poin-

dexter. "And this very mornin' I laid my eyeballs onto that onreliable vagabun, Jake Treadaft, er perusin' roun' the edge of Carmichael's swamp. 'Twouldn't s'prise me 'tal ef that was er free sayshyass out fur him, too!"

"I boun' day is," breaks in Jesse, as he frowns down into the bubbling syrup, which he is vigorously stirring. "I expitioned dat ar nigger de very fuss I ever heern uv de rumpion! He's allurs so busified! I'm 'bleeged ter think he was dar. Kase dar's no rowments ever gwine on in dis here 'varsal lan' 'dout dat ar misurble nigger havin' ur han' in un."

"Yesterday," remarks Mr. Poindexter, "Joe Blake met up with Davy Randall, an' drewed the papers on him right thar, an' harressed him pintly on the spot; but, befo' he could put the strings on him, Davy mislist, an' ez Joe misfortnity had left his weepen at home, feggs! 'twa'n't no time befo' Dave was loose and tuk ter the woods. Lord sakes! bless your heart! you *know* 'twa'n't no contention 'tween Joe and Dave! Dave's er volunt man, an' kin tie Joe weth one han'. 'Pears ter me," continues Mr. Poindexter, despondingly—"pears to me folks is gone beranged. I'll be poked ef I know what this world's er comin' to—mislistin' er sheriff! 'Pend 'pon it, that's 'nough ter put 'em all in the penitentiary 'mong the convicts. Feggs! they niver done sich things when I was young. Twa'n't so in my time; I'll be poked ef et was!"

As, with an ominous shake of the head, Mr. Poindexter delivers himself of this axiomatic social fact, his legs assume a nearly semicircular curve, and the index finger waves gloomily impressive some three inches in front of his twisted nose.

I carelessly remark: "I suppose that the sheriff will come here soon." This flutters the doves in Corioli, otherwise my black auditors; and Jesse, with a poor assumption of a stout heart, says:

"Well! 'tain't nothin' ter me nohow, bless de Lord! I'm over age, I iz."

Here Jesse reasons—a little erroneously, like some other logicians—from the true postulate of his exemption from "road-work," to the false conclusion of entire freedom from all legal responsibility.

But Tony has not even this balm for his troubled soul. And with his eyes—which even in a state of perfect repose are very prominent features—rolling fearfully, but intent upon affecting a hospitable diversion of the conversation from the present painful topic, he seizes a cracked tumbler, hurries to a barrel near by, from which he draws a round stick, and, catching a tumbler full of the liquor that gushes from the hole, returns the stick, and saying, as he scrapes his foot, "Boss, have some beer?" tenders the glass to my friend. He, glancing at Tony, then at the glass, and from it to the barrel where his eyes rest for a moment with a troubled expression—for its top being off it appears to be filled with soap-suds in which have been washed a score or two of dirty gun-barrels—turns his gaze slowly and reproachfully back upon Tony, and then for the second time to the glass with its amber-colored contents, takes the latter in

his hand, sniffs at it suspiciously again with more confidence, and ends by draining it to the bottom—a proceeding that mantles his countenance with that placid content observable in well-filled infants.

This bibulous moment appearing to Tony as favorable to the preferring of a petition, he turns, grinning, to me, with—"Mars Max, please sur give me ur chaw terbaccur." Immediately the grateful New-Yorker draws from his pocket a packet of "solace" neatly enveloped in tin-foil, and, extracting therefrom a large wad of the weed between forefinger and thumb, extends it to Tony, who accepts of it doubtfully. After a close examination, he exclaims: "Hi! Boss, what's dis? Dis is de cursest baccor I ever see!"

"By gum!" observes Sol, "dat muss be er new-fashioned way dem fur-away folks has uv fixin' baccur fur people as hain't got no teeth."

I hand over to Tony a square of orthodox "plug," which he receives with a scrape of the foot, a motion of the hand to the head, and a "thanky sur," and straightway employs himself in gnawing off a corner of it with his teeth. "Mars Max," demands Jesse, "splain ter me what makes dese bees" (pointing to some that are gathering up the sweets) "cum out so late in de season. Jess give me de straight on it, please sur."

Jesse, a little old shrivelled negro of sixty, is a character, materially and mentally, and should not in justice have been kept so long in the background. A hat, apparently an older and much more unfortunate brother of Mr. Poindexter's, crowns his noble person, and from the nape of his neck depend the frayed vestiges of a broadcloth coat; it touches nowhere else, by reason of having been originally designed for my brother John, who, besides being six feet high, and larding the lean earth, had acquired by contract this particular habiliment during that happy era when an alliance offensive and defensive between the tailors and spinners resulted in the exposition of something less than a bolt of cloth on every gentlemanly back. His shirt, having an extensive collar towering stiffly above his ears, and being entirely open in front, pleasingly combines the *décolleté* abandon of Queen Anne's reign with the stately grandeur of the Elizabethan ruff. And his spindle shanks below faintly assert themselves through a pair of pants—also a decoration from the same fat brother John—which fold their voluminous superabundance around Jesse's ankles, as, I have read, do those of Lincoln at Union Square. Grasping in his right hand a stick, with which he has been stirring the contents of the kettles, he is now *posed*, as he awaits my explanation, in the gracefully easy attitude of "A Portrait of a Gentleman."

Perfectly acquainted with Jesse's *penchant* for fat, mouth-filling words, I gratify him thus:

"It is clearly manifest, Jesse, to the most superficial observation that the enticing salubrity of the circumambient atmosphere has successfully solicited these commendably industrious insects to resume their intermitted summer's toil. They have evidently ventured beyond their hibernal domicile for the praiseworthy purpose of increasing their saccharine accumulations."

During this bombastic overflow, Jesse's knees visibly weaken under him, his eyes expand, the lower lip drops unheeded from the upper, giving to the mouth the appearance of a lump of raw India-rubber cleft through the middle; the left hand, hanging down, recedes gradually and regularly to the rear, while the right, grasping the sirup-ladle, pulsates slowly and downwardly in the same direction, and he is left at the end of the flood in a kind of beatific trance, with an open space of about a foot between his straightly hanging coat and the small of the back. Recovering by suddenly withdrawing his protruding *vicera*, after the fashion of those irascible bugs called by school-boys snap-jacks, with hands outstretched oratorically, and the coat now draping itself in pendulous folds from the projecting posterior portion of the body, or, as Mr. Poindexter would describe it, "the bulge of him," he is in a state of great excitement addresses himself to the other negroes.

"Unkg-ha-a-a!" (This note of exultation just drives phonetics raving distracted; and the only way to me conceivable by which the reader may catch even a faint idea of its sound is for him to recall, for the first syllable, the grunt of a perplexed Dutchman, and append to it, with a rising inflection for the last, that prolonged, drawling gasp with which "revivalists" terminate every sentence in exhorting sinners to the "anxious seats.") "Unkg-ha-a-a! You hear dat now? You hear dat now? Didn't I tell you 'twas de ellurments dat drewed um out? Wasn't dem de very inspressions dat I sposterlated ter you fo' Mars Max cumb here? Didn't I say dat de warn weather give um de insistance ter fly? Tell me dat!"

ISHAM. "Jess so!"

SOL. "True fur sho!"

TONY. "You hear me?"

This last, which, at the first glance, has an interrogative appearance, Tony merely means as an emphatic acquiescence. After the excitement consequent upon identifying Jesse's phraseology with my own subsides, he turns to my companion with—"Seuse me, boss, fur axin'; aint you cum from de Norf?"

"Yes."

"Dem dar Yankee soldiers, what was down here, 'lowed dat everybody, everybody up dar was rich. 'Tain't poss'bul, es it?"

"Certainly."

"Dar, now!" (To the negroes:) "You hear dat, now? My stars!! who'd uv thunk et!" (To my friend:) "You don't tell me! All uv um rich?"

"Every mother's son of 'em."

"An' day ain't nobody as has ter work fur ur livin'?"

"Nobody; all of them ride in carriages until they are tired of that, and then they go fishing."

"De hevunly Farther!! Well! 'Pears ter me, I'll have ter move ter dat country sum day ur ruther. I doesn't see how I'm well ter help it. 'Pears to me I'm 'bleeged ter go dar spoly."

"Oh, yes! Come on and spend the summer at Saratoga, and bring your wife with you. You'll like it."

"Shouldn't wonder. Specks I would. I

down I would. Well!" meditatively scraping his rusty jaws with long black talons; "well! praise de Lord! lem me git dis here crap in an' den I'll see 'bout it, maybe."

New York mutely gazes at him in dumfounded amazement. Seeing from Tony's face that something is going on behind me, I turn and witness:

1ST LITTLE NIGG. (*Legs apart, hands planted on the knees, and eyes starting from their sockets in intense gaze into the wood-pile; tremulously.*) "Dars ur rat!"

OMNES. (*In agitated chorus.*) "Whar?"

1ST LITTLE NIGG. (*Triumphantly.*) "Dar be! under dat ar lightud log, with a knot sticken' outer it!"

2D LITTLE NIGG. (*Intoning a hymn of rejoicing; crescendo.*) "Ye-e-r-r-s-s! fling a-at he-im!"

3D LITTLE NIGG. (*Awfully.*) "What ur big ra-a-at! Who-ee-e!"

4TH LITTLE NIGG. (*Hortatively.*) "Chunk him, Ben!"

Ben chunks.

SEMICHORUS 1. "Hi! dat fotch him!"

SEMICHORUS 2. "You brung him den!"

CHORUS. (*Chanting victoriously as they tread an ecstatic measure.*) "What ur ta-a-i-il!"

BOB-TAILED DOG. (*Responding to the magnificent public sentiment.*) "Bow-wow-wow!"

FULL CHORUS. (*Including the whole strength of the troupe.*) "Dar he go!! Hoo-ray!!!"

General change of position, in which bob-tailed dog perches himself, quivering, on the apex of the wood-pile, and with head aslant attentively contemplates the cracks underneath; while his two inches of tail—like a propeller, stern in the air—works in a circle with vigor, inverse to the diameter of rotation.

Ben, beside the bob-tailed dog—having no tail to rotate worth speaking of, but in lieu of it some half a foot of homespun shirt sticking out where the tail should be—dances around incautiously on the logs, and soon slips between two of them, where his feet are jammed. Howls from Ben, accompanied—subsequent to his licking from Ben's features the last trace of bacon gravy—by sympathetic gyrations on the part of bob-tailed dog.

JESSE. "Dat ars de rambunkshunest boy I ever did see! He gwine get hurt jess ez sho ez dars anywhar ter git hurt in!—What yer doin' dar, yer born limb er Satan?"

BEN. "My foots is kotch! Oh, Lorddy!!"

Ben is hauled out roughly by the nape of the neck, and planted on his legs.

JESSE. "Now you sot yourself down dar an' chaw dat cane, fo' I light on yer heavy!"

Ben seeks the rear, snuffing.

As my companion and I, laughing at these characteristic absurdities, turn to go away, Jesse says: "Mars Max, 'sen' down de keg an' lem me fill um up wid beer. Dis beer is fuss rate; its monstrous good."

We had not proceeded far, before my friend receives this parting shot between wind and water. It is from Tony, who really intends it exclusively for his immediate auditory:

"I wonders ef dat dar mans ur pedlen dis here outliandish baccur roun' de country?"

MAX MARROWFAT.

NEGLECT.

THE dark woods do not move a bough;
The west is all dim, damask air;
Now trills a sleepy bird, and now
There is intense calm everywhere;
And up in heaven's heights one can see
That starlight is about to be.

A singer here hath stolen, and sat
Where, by the wood's monastic edge,
Having no wind to quiver at,
Stand the green javelins of the sedge,
Rimming a pool than whose black breast
No dead man's eye hath glassier rest.

The singer sweeps his lyre, and sings;
Right beautiful is the song, indeed,
That, richly rising, richlier rings
Past reaches of the thrilling reed,
Past meadows, hills, and voids of sea,
Till harkening stars make haste to be.

But in those lands where people are
Few men at all take any heed,
While still he sings, and, from afar,
So beautiful is the song, indeed,
That twilight loiters hours to hear,
Eavesdropping with a roseate ear.

But they, the people, pass it by,
Or praise with praises brief and bluff—
The people, he, she, you, and I,
Whose day, God knows, is brief enough!
The people, he, she, you, and I,
That breathe our little breath, and die!

One makes long farewells with his kin;
One hurries to a banquet; one
Knows of a sin that he must sin,
By promise, ere the night be done;
And one man cannot hear because
He sings his own songs without pause.

And so this voice of proudest power,
Wherein such golden cadence throbs,
Wanes wearier with each added hour,
And trembles into suppliant sob,
Till, wearied by the world's rude wrong,
The singer dies when dies the song.

And dawn, that on his silenced lyre
Sees his inert hand whitely curled,
Wonders that he could even desire
The praises of a worthless world,
When his strong song might gain for goal
Such audience as his own sweet soul.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE SHORE OF ITAPUCA, RIO DE JANEIRO.

THE scene represented in our engraving forms a portion of the bay of Rio de Janeiro, which is one of the finest harbors in the world. The approach to the port from the sea is very attractive. First appear distant headlands, hardly to be distinguished from the clouds. Gradually their outlines become more distinct, other mountains are dimly visible afar off, while those in the foreground are seen to be clothed with verdure. Then houses come in sight, a battery or two, a fortification, and, last of all, the harbor is discovered. The entrance is marked by a remarkable hill, in the form of a sugar-loaf,



BAY OF RIO JANEIRO.

nine hundred feet high, close to its west side, while on the opposite side of the bay is the fort of Santa Cruz, on which is a light-house. Ships may enter either by night or day, there being no obstruction or danger of any kind. The water in the bay is deep enough to float the largest ships-of-war, while the area would accommodate all the navies of the world.

REVISION OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

II.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

THE New Testament will offer a larger field for change than the Old in the work of the commission. The original text will demand a much more extensive emendation, and the rendering in the James version will require greater correction.

The sources of the Greek text of the New Testament exceed those, not only of the Hebrew text, but even of the Septuagint version, of the Old. There are many manuscripts in existence, but they are not of equal

value. There are four Uncial Codices—manuscripts written in undivided capital letters—not one of them perfect in itself, but which, combined, furnish a complete copy of the whole volume. These Uncials are very highly esteemed, and are considered of the first authority. The *Codex Vaticanus* is the oldest, being attributed to the fourth century. A fine copy of it was published by Vercellone, in 1859. The same year, Tischendorf found, in the monastery of St. Catherine, Mount Sinai, an Uncial parchment containing the New Testament entire. He deems it older than the Vaticanus. Its genuineness has been questioned, and it has not yet been fully recognized, though Alford has used it in collation. They who are curious about such things can see a beautiful copy of the Sinaiticus at the Astor Library. Besides these five, there are thirty more Uncials scattered throughout the libraries of Europe, each containing part of the New Testament. Further, there are extant a large number of *Cursives*—manuscripts written in small letters, divided, and accented. Critics are undecided as to the value that should be attached to them.

The four or five great Uncial manuscripts

must, then, be regarded as the standard source of the text; and let us add, in all fairness, that probably there are not twelve men living who can read them critically. Scholars, in working over a text, collate printed copies in modern letter. Let any one examine the *Variarum* to Alford's edition of the New Testament, and he will comprehend the matter after some study.

The first printed copy of the Greek Testament was prepared and published by Erasmus, at Basle, in the year 1516. The second was that of Cardinal Ximenes, and called the *Complutum*. Both received the sanction of the pope, though they proved the incorrectness of the Vulgate. Indeed, they were afterward used as weapons against the papacy. Other editions were rapidly brought out by different scholars. We cannot mention all of them here. In 1633, however, a noted edition was sent forth from the celebrated Elzevir press, at Leyden. The text of this resulted from a collation of the best editions of all scholars then extant, and obtained the name of the "Received Text." It was almost identical with Erasmus's fifth edition, and is not now considered of authority in any

moot-case. Modern scholarship has demonstrated that the Received Text contains errors and interpolations, and that it will only serve as a general basis. Some of the manuscripts used by the scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are believed to be lost, and hence a certain deference is due to the Received Text—the text received by the Elzevir press from a comparison of all other texts.

In 1806 Griesbach propounded fifteen rules, which have formed since the canons of textual criticism. He also revised the text upon the principles enunciated in his rules, and published an edition. Since then, continual and immense labor has been bestowed upon the question of textual criticism, and the Greek text of the Testament has been worked through many times by European and English scholars of conceded ability and culture. Apart from the German copies—and there are no more remorseless critics than the rationalistic Germans—there are the great English editions of Elliott, Wordsworth, and Alford; the last of whom has about perfected the work, unless a farther collation of the Codex Sinaiticus shall shed more light upon the text, which we apprehend it will not, for, when a collation has been made, it has only served to sustain Alford's judgment. That scholars will agree exactly on all moot-points we presume will never be the case. Diverse stand-points, prejudices of education, and varying mental characteristics, will naturally render this impossible; and there is no ultimate arbiter. Suffice it to say that the interpolations and false readings which discredit the Received Text have been respectively eliminated and corrected, and that a text which justly enjoys a high character for purity has been obtained. That much more will be gained, we doubt; and we think the proposal to postpone revision springs from no real hope that further collations and more extended study will cast any more light upon the matter, but, as in the case of the opponents of revision of the Old Testament, from a desire to put off the evil day which they fear may be coming to the old English Bible, and hence to religion generally. We appreciate the feeling, but think it is uncalled for under the circumstances.

The Anglican version of the New Testament was made substantially from the Received Text, then deemed the very best. Aside from the fact of its being made from a text such as we have stated the Received Text to be, and thus far erroneous, it is known to contain inaccurate if not false renderings. The emending the text and the correcting the rendering will make the work of the commission more one of retranslation than revision. The doxology to the Lord's Prayer, in St. Matthew's Gospel; all after the eighth verse of the last chapter of St. Mark's Gospel; the word "God" in I. Timothy, iii. 16; the witness verses in I. John, v.—must be stricken out. We give them as salient cases for textual emendation which will surprise the unlearned reader. There are many other words and passages which must be eliminated or corrected. The lax renderings of the Epistle to the Romans, which make it so difficult, will have to be amended; and a harmonizing of words, and a rectification of

many things, together with a softening of some of the coarse expressions, will have to be made—all which will give the work a new aspect, as compared with the one to be displaced.

An English writer informs us that "the revision of the New Testament is proceeding as satisfactorily as possible, and also as rapidly as can be expected. The revisers have decided that every verse touched in any way should be submitted to the whole body before the emendation was accepted, or, of course, separate committees would soon have completed the task." This is the same rule that was acted upon by the commissioners of King James, and, as the writer remarks, "is a wise decision, not only because the means adopted gives the revision the benefit of suggestions from so many learned men, but because the translation will go forth with the weight of a united judgment. When it may be expected to be finished, probably no one attempts to guess; but the date will be remote, if it be true that, as yet, the revisers have not arrived at the end of the second gospel."

Whether the commissioners arbitrarily determine the original text beforehand, or revise text and translation as they go along, we are not informed. Rumor says that it is proposed by the revisers to give their work in detachments—perhaps book by book—to the public, so that the scholars of the world may discuss it before it is as a whole completed and adopted. We like the proposition, for we fear that the English scholars will be timid in emending the text, and in correcting consecrated errors, and we should like to see their work, before it is beyond further amendment, overhauled by the scholars of Germany. We desire no half work nor partisan work, but a faithful rendering of the Scriptures from a justly-emended text, the same regard being paid to the version of King James as was paid by his commission to that of Tyndale, so that, as far as possible, all English-speaking people may continue the "people of one book." Though that is hardly to be expected; for, as one writer observes, "however ably the work may be done, and we may suppose that it is being done in the best manner possible, and however formally, authoritatively, and earnestly, it may be recommended to the people, many a year will elapse before the old text shall be superseded. Probably there are thousands who will never take to the new version at all, and thousands more who will use it only for reference, and cling to the language which they have learned to love."

The movement of revision has been vigorously assailed by some leading men in this country, because the Christian scholars of the United States were not invited to assist in so great a work, and one in which they have an equal interest. The objection is not a just one, for we learn from the Dean of Chester, Dr. Howson—a friend of revision, though a member of the Convocation of York, which holds aloof—that the Anglican Church arrogates nothing to herself in beginning this work, as America was invited to coöperate. Dr. Schaff further informs us that an American commission has been formed, and that the English revisers will send over their

sheets to the former, who will examine and return them. At the completion of the revision, a joint committee will pass upon the work. It is believed that the whole will not be perfected under seven years.

On the subject of revision we may say further, in the way of analogy, that formerly students were advised not to read geology, and theologians pooh-poohed natural science, and many of them endeavor to do so now; but they have had to come to the work of studying science; nay, more, of using all their powers to reconcile the revelations of the rocks with those of Scripture. So the theologians, who are ever looking backward, and never studying the new and living issues of the day, will have to accede to the revision of the Bible, and try to go with the truth, or the latter will go over them.

No scholar or educated clergyman regards any version of the Bible as "the Scriptures." A scholar only gives his adhesion to the best texts of the original. Every candidate for orders in England, when he subscribes the Thirty-nine Articles, subscribes only to what a scholar would accept as the "Holy Scriptures." No criticism can be carried on now without reference to the original. No scholar would consent to discuss an exegetical question or a doctrinal point, and be tied to the James version. It is only the unlearned in languages who are confined to that limit. Now, if the Bible is the word of God written, are not the unlearned entitled to have it given to them in purity, so that they may be "rightly understood of the Scriptures," as our forefathers demanded? If "knowledge is a power," as Bacon exactly said, then it must be energized by truth. Let not the most orthodox vainly imagine that one iota of the Catholic faith set forth in the Niceno-Constantinopolitan Creed, the symbol of the faith once delivered, put forth in general council by the Church Catholic, will be lost or changed through the revision of the Bible. Eliminate the interpolations, emend the false textual readings, revise the rendering, refine the language, give as perfect a version of as perfect an original as man can make, and the faith will stand just where it has stood since it was delivered, unchanged, unchangeable. Religion is not hazarded; the Scriptures are not endangered; bibliolatrists are unnecessarily alarmed.

The Roman Catholics formerly objected to giving the Scriptures to the people, and, to some extent, they object still; at any rate, they give them only translations of the Vulgate. Following the example of the Romanists, many of their bitterest opponents now object to giving the people an honest version of an honest text of the word of God. The Romanists have always feared that the people might think for themselves and trouble their Church, which was the case in the days of the Reformation. The enemies of revision now tremble lest the veil should be removed, the people be enlightened in regard to interpolated passages, consecrated errors, and incisive texts, which serve to point a doctrine and illustrate a sermon, and that a shock will be given to religion, which they fondly rest, we fancy, more upon the Anglican version of the Holy Bible than upon the Holy Spirit,

who, it says, inspired the prophets and apostles and teachers to record the Scriptures for the edification and enlightenment of the Church and the instruction of man.

No doubt, should the revision be perfected, many clergymen will weep, like Rachel, over sermons written upon texts and illustrated by "proofs from Holy Writ" which "are not;" discourses which they must remove from "the barrel," and relegate to the moles forever, or perhaps to the committee on sermons, which will inter them decently in a report "full of sound and signifying nothing." Other preachers will bitterly regret not only labor lost, but that they no longer are allowed to quote patent texts, and sustain themselves by inaccurate renderings of their great authority. The advocate of the Trinity will bemoan the loss of the witness-verses of I. John v.; the defender of the divinity of Christ will deplore the change in the proof-text of I. Timothy: "God manifest in the flesh;" the anxious believer "in the resurrection of the body" buried will lament the correction made in the celebrated passage from Job xix., which adorns the burial-office in the Book of Common Prayer; and the general apologist will bewail the deprivation of the latter half of the Gospel of St. Mark, by the aid of which he has been accustomed to exclaim, in magniloquent conclusion: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Let not any one, however, be alarmed about the cardinal truths of the Christian religion. Bentley, one of the greatest scholars, has said that, in no event, "will one article of faith or one moral precept be lost." More labor and care will be required to enable writers and preachers to prove positions to the people, but no more than is demanded now of scholars who are confined to the use of the original texts in their controversies with themselves. The older clergy will gradually, though unwillingly, perhaps, accept the position, and bear the ills they cannot avoid; while the rising men, if properly instructed, will not feel the evil—or, rather, with greater flexibility of mind, they will master the position and smile at the sorrows of their progenitors.

We believe that the adherents to the old paths, both in the Church of England and in the Churches affiliated with her, as in Scotland, Ireland, the Dominion of Canada, and the United States, oppose the revision, because it will involve a revision of the prayer-books respectively in use among them, and which, it is well known, they are about as unwilling to alter, in the smallest degree, as to modify or change the time-honored translation of the Bible—and no wonder; for, apart from the excellence of the Book of Common Prayer as a formula of devotion, correlatively with the Anglican version of the Bible it deduced and obtained that "diction which," says Macaulay, "has directly or indirectly contributed to form the diction of almost every great English writer, and has extorted the admiration of the most accomplished infidels and of the most accomplished non-conformists, of such men as David Hume and Robert Hall." The cause is deemed one;

and we are not surprised that the same advocates should defend it. But they are in error. A revision of the James version of the Bible will require only a change in the Book of Common Prayer where the former is embodied in the latter. It is true that Episcopalians have always used an old version of the Psalms in their Psalter, and apparently with satisfaction; yet we think that, when the new translation appears, they will be disposed, after a little while, to accommodate their much-loved book of prayer and praise to it. For instance, the whole of the gospel for Ascension-day would not be found in the new version, that part of St. Mark xvi. being an interpolation or unwarranted addition in another hand to the *Codex Vaticanus*. In a very few years the book, which Alexander Knox prophesied, "in the fulness of time will be accounted the richest treasure, next to the canonical Scriptures, in the Christian Church," and which has realized the truth of the prophecy, will be made to accord with the new version of its elder sister.

The commissioners of King James were engaged actually about six years in their work of making "one more exact translation of the Holy Scriptures into the English tongue out of the original sacred tongues;" and we suppose that the new commissioners of revision will take at least the seven proposed years in doing a similar work. "Those who live to see the revised edition," says a contemporary writer, "will also see a large and wide criticism on it, for which the critic of fifty years back had neither the material nor the necessary habit of thought."

It will produce, too, naturally and necessarily, a great sensation, and will give a severe shock to the prejudices of the vast mass of Protestants. Numbers have grown up with the highest love and veneration for their old English Bible. They admire its superb diction, its elevated style, its pure and simple English, which has become "household words" in Great Britain and America. Some, indeed, regard it as "the Word of God," unmindful, in their admiration, that it is only a translation of the Church-defined and handed-down words of the inspired writers. Many look upon it almost as a fetish. In fact, bibliolatry is as visible in the ultra-Protestant as mariolatry is in the corresponding Romanist. All this will have to suffer a change. In the eyes of not a few the idol will be broken. Possibly the same feeling toward the Bible on the part of the unlearned Protestants generally, and of some of the learned, too, will be brushed away forever. Certainly this will be the case if the commissioners unwisely abandon the noble version which has been music to the young and the old, consolation to the troubled soul, and words of eternal health to the sick and the dying. But we trust that the commissioners will recognize their obligations to the past, concede to the feelings of the people of all classes, and display not only the good sense, but the good taste, of simply revising the present translation on the basis of an emended text, and thus their new work will escape some of the prejudice which naturally will arise to meet it in consequence of its being

not a national work, as was that of King James, but a work of one Church—the Church of England—and therefore something in which some think they have no sufficient part, and all conclude they have not the same interest, notwithstanding the American commission to which we have referred.

But, apart from the literature of the work, the question of the emendation of the "sacred originals" is one which has been settled by Biblical scholars, by their having emended the text for themselves, and only using that in scholarly exegesis. The question of revision of the Anglican version follows as a question merely of truth. The Church of England has simply taken the initiative. Regarding herself as a branch of the Church catholic (not to be confounded with the Roman Catholic Church, which adopted that name for herself at her Provincial Council of Trent), and hence "a keeper of Holy Writ," and bound by her articles not to "ordain any thing that is contrary to God's word written, nor to enforce any thing to be believed against the same," she considers herself obligated to furnish her people with a true rendering of Holy Writ in the vernacular tongue, that being the "custom of the primitive Church." She sets the example to the world of adherence to primitive truth and primitive custom. She will not be chargeable with holding back the word of life for fear of consequences, but leads the way to give the Scriptures in their utmost purity to all, that the humblest who can read may be enlightened, trusting to the inspiration and guidance of the Spirit of Truth, assured that it is with God's religion as it is with God's art—the higher the truth the higher the beauty. In all this the Church of England doeth well, and is worthy of support by all Protestants.

When this great work comes forth, whether in part or in whole, we trust that it will be the fruit of the choicest and most careful Biblical scholarship of the age, and done in reverent and tasteworthy regard for the version which generations have loved, and lived and died by, will be only "one more exact translation of the Holy Scriptures into the English tongue," and, as a true son of a noble father, yet strengthened with new life, will inherit the place in the hearts and minds of all English-speaking people of every country which its predecessor has enjoyed from the day of its publication to the present time, when it is nigh to being pushed from its stool. We hope—what indeed is almost impossible—that the new translation of the Bible will redound as much to the honor of the nineteenth century as King James's version did to that of the seventeenth. In any event, if the translators "shall be traduced by persons at home or abroad because they are instruments to make God's holy truth to be yet more and more known unto the people whom some may desire still to keep in ignorance, or if they shall be maligned by brethren who give liking unto nothing but what is framed by themselves, they may rest secure," like the commissioners of King James, "supported within by the truth as before the Lord."

GEORGE CUMMING MCWHORTER.

THOMAS HUGHES.

THOMAS HUGHES — familiarly called "Tom Hughes" by the English-speaking world — is best known in the United States as the writer of two of the best boys' books extant; in his own country, perhaps his greatest distinction is that of being a political, and, more especially, a social reformer. He is one of those Englishmen, not rare in these days, who, while engaged in public life, find at once a recreation and a new path to fame in the pursuit of letters. He is full of the life and energy of his race and generation, robust in intellect as in body, active, persistent, and alive to every thing going on around him. Tom Hughes has not proved himself a great statesman; indeed, the hopes which were aroused when he was returned to Parliament by the metropolitan borough of Lambeth, have been more or less disappointed. But, while he has lost in reputation as an orator and legislator, his public career has gained for him an enviable renown as a man of stout honesty, courageous frankness, and self-abnegation for the sake of principle. When he has adopted a cause — and the causes he has adopted have ever related to some great social or political amelioration — he has pursued it with a perseverance and force which have been better for his fame than had he derived it from the evanescent graces of rhetoric. Manly and ingenuous in character, plain in speech, open in countenance, few men have enjoyed to a greater extent the respect and confidence of his political associates.

THOMAS HUGHES was born near Newbury, in Berkshire, October 20, 1823, and is now in the fiftieth year of his age; he is not yet in the prime of English statesmanship. His father, John Hughes, was a country gentleman of means, and occupied an ancient manor called Donington Priory. Thomas was the second son, and received every educational advantage. He was sent to Rugby at an early age, and there acquired that deep veneration for Dr. Thomas Arnold, then headmaster, to which he has so often publicly testified in later years; while his eager partici-

from Rugby to Oxford in 1841 or 1842, and entered at Oriel College. This is one of the oldest and most aristocratic of Oxford colleges; at the time of the advent of young Hughes, it was still exclusive, one of the favorite abodes of young men of high birth, and its influence was wholly on the side of old-fashioned conservatism in Church and State. Hughes was not less surrounded at Oriel than Gladstone had been, a decade before, at Christ Church, by an atmosphere of patrician thought and High-Church ideas. It is probably to this fact that the devotion of

Hughes to the state Church, which is so striking a contrast to his political faith, is due. Like Gladstone, he stoutly supports the Establishment, while advocating reforms the wholeness of which is to deprive the Establishment of its ancient bulwarks. Electoral reform and the ballot are blows indirectly aimed at the state Church; for they will enlarge the constituencies which are hostile to it, and, in time, will create a Parliament which will disestablish it. Tom Hughes graduated bachelor of arts in 1845, and entered the world a Tory and a Churchman, in which



THOMAS HUGHES.

pation in the sports as well as the graver occupations of the school enabled him to describe life at Rugby with a vividness and spirit which established his literary fame. He was noted at school rather for his fondness of the games and athletic exercises, than for his devotion to the curriculum; was a champion oarsman, a fine swimmer, one of the stalwart young chiefs of the cricket-ground, and a zealous supporter of the "fagging" system, which has lately caused so much discussion in England. Yet he did not neglect his studies, and graduated with credit. He passed

direction both his descent from a country family and his life at the university impelled him. But his strong good sense and habit of independent thinking soon led him to modify his political views, and he became, and has continued to this day, in the advanced Liberal ranks. Designing to enter the profession of the law, he became, after leaving the university, a student at Lincoln's Inn, where, after eating the requisite number of dinners, and attending the requisite number of lectures, he was called to the bar, in January, 1848. His success at

the bar, although not immediate, was substantial; he worked faithfully, interested himself especially in chancery practice, and secured an excellent rank among his brother barristers. It was his legal ability, which, in 1869, secured him the distinction of Queen's Counsel, and enabled him to assume the much-coveted "silk gown." Through all his literary and political career, he has kept up his legal occupations, retaining chambers at Lincoln's Inn, and appearing often in the Lord-Chancellor's Court, near by. His literary activity was mainly included between the years 1856 and 1869. In the former year appeared "Tom Brown at Rugby," a book so faithful and graphic in its delineations, so sympathetic with the lusty, youthful spirits it described, so replete with minute descriptions of English school-life, that, with few purely literary excellences, it achieved an instant and lasting success. It was, as an English critic observed, a thoroughly "hearty and healthy book." Muscular Christianity was inculcated, and the physical training of youth insisted upon. Tom Brown himself is perhaps the best picture of a robust, cheery, rather rough, but spirited, English boy—such as is to be found repeated a hundred-fold at Rugby, Eton, Harrow, and Winchester—in literature. The popularity of this work encouraged Mr. Hughes to continue his literary efforts, and the result was a scarcely less lively story, "The Scouring of the White Horse," which obtained a wide circulation, published in 1858. Three years later appeared "Tom Brown at Oxford," the sequel to "Tom Brown at Rugby," which, if less successful in the delineation of character and in multiplicity of incident, presented a graphic portrayal of English university life, especially in its recreative aspects. "Verdant Green," one of the most humorous and spicy of books, giving the ludicrous phases of university life, had appeared some years before, and given American readers such hints as they were glad to have supplemented by a more sober and yet vivacious description. These are the only works of fiction which Mr. Hughes has as yet given to the world; but he has not confined his literary labors to this department. In 1862 he published a semi-theological essay, entitled "Religio Laici," which Crabb Robinson describes as "an endeavor to show that the religion of a layman does not require the knowledge of a theologian. He censures," continues Robinson, "the prosecutors of the essayists more than the writers themselves." This shows that Mr. Hughes, if a devoted, is not the less an independent and enlightened, Churchman. After a considerable interval, during which he was mainly engaged in political and professional affairs, Mr. Hughes completed and gave to the world an elaborate and interesting biography of "Alfred the Great," which afforded a picturesque view of the life and deeds of that great but hitherto half-mythical sovereign. Alfred's character is minutely described, and Mr. Hughes has evidently spent considerable labor in research and study upon it. Still the book has rather the air of a plausible tale than of authoritative history. It appeared in 1869, and has passed through several editions. Besides these works

of fiction, theology, and biography, Mr. Hughes has contributed, from time to time, articles on a wide variety of topics to the reviews, magazines, and papers; he has discussed the labor-question, many other questions relating to the laboring-classes, and some subjects of social science; and has written prefaces for the "Biglow Papers" and Whitman's Poems. His strong personal friendship for and profound literary admiration of James Russell Lowell are well known. In 1870 he visited this country, and was warmly received as one of our sturdiest friends during the war, and one who had in many ways manifested his appreciation of and predilections for America. He visited many of our cities, sojourned with Professor Lowell at Elmwood, and returned home after a trip which must have given him ample evidence of his enviable American reputation.

The career of Mr. Hughes as a member of Parliament has extended only over a period of eight years; but, long before that, he had been active in public affairs, and had interested himself especially in all that related to the working-classes. He had joined Mr. Maurice in his attempts to abolish class distinctions by bringing about closer relations between the various social grades; had interested himself in the growing power of trades-union organizations, encouraging their formation, and striving to keep their operations within the bounds of moderation and law; and had urged the formation of artisans' lyceums, libraries, and clubs. It was especially as a champion of the working-men that, in 1865, he was brought forward as one of the liberal candidates for the borough of Lambeth. Lambeth is largely composed of an humble population, there being many industrial establishments there, and hundreds of working-people, whose business is on the other side of the Thames, residing in this cheaper and comparatively retired quarter. It was, therefore, an electorate peculiarly favorable to his candidature. He was returned at the head of the poll, with six thousand three hundred and seventy-three votes against four thousand seven hundred and forty-three for Alderman Lawrence. He contested this election on a principle hitherto little recognized in England—that candidates for Parliament should not be burdened with the extraordinary expenses to which they have been traditionally subject. The three years during which he represented Lambeth in the House were important ones, succeeding, as they did, the abortive attempt of the Russell-Gladstone ministry to carry electoral reform, and being signalized by Mr. Disraeli's more successful effort in the same direction, and by the appearance of the agitation for the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Mr. Hughes, on all political subjects, indicated his sympathy with the progressive liberalism of Mr. Gladstone, and rather adopted him than Mr. Bright as his guide. While a zealous Churchman, he supported the Gladstone bill for suppressing and disendowing the Irish Establishment. But his special sphere in Parliament has been that of educational and social questions, including those more immediately affecting the condition of the laboring-classes. He took

an active part in supporting the bills secularizing the hitherto exclusive national universities, abolishing tests, and admitting Dissenters to the fellowships at Oxford and Cambridge; he advocated the measure which was introduced into the House to advance money in order that comfortable dwellings might be erected for working-people; and he made energetic war upon the frauds of the trades in using false weights and measures. Mr. Hughes at first proposed to stand again for Parliament in Lambeth, when the election of 1868 approached; but finding that, in adhering to his principle of not defraying the extra-legal expenses of the contest, he would have little chance of success, he transferred his candidacy to the small borough of Frome, from which Sir Henry Rawlinson opportunely retired to take a seat at the India Board. He was chosen over Sergeant Sleigh, by a vote of five hundred and seventy-one to four hundred and seventy-six. In the new Parliament he has steadfastly continued his exertions for the amelioration of the working-men, although he recently expressed the opinion that the working-men have already received all the political power to which they are entitled. It is said that Mr. Hughes will be one of the Liberal candidates at Liverpool when a dissolution causes a new election.

In personal appearance he is an excellent example of the best type of Englishmen—that type which M. Taine, in his "Notes on England," classifies as the "robust and active," as opposed to the "phlegmatic." He is described by an English writer as "a tall, light-faced, light-haired, gentlemanly-looking man, in the prime of life, of pleasant manner, and active temperament. He is always neatly dressed, and seems to have many acquaintances of an humbler position than that to which he himself evidently belongs." He has a large, open, noble brow and forehead, and a face full of cheery frankness and kindly expression. As a speaker, he is simple and straightforward, using few gestures, with a good voice, and conciliatory manner. His oratorical success has been greater on the hustings, and at great public meetings, than in the parliamentary arena. He is popular in society, and, while not a profound, is an agreeable and valuable, talker. He married the eldest daughter of Prebendary Ford, of Exeter Cathedral, in 1847.

Mr. Hughes has always been noted in England for his zealous admiration of, and friendship for, the United States. During the war, he often and energetically protested against the unfriendly tone of English feeling toward the Union, and was one of the few courageous men who sustained Bright and Mill in their bold arraignment of government and public opinion when the Union cause was the darkest, and when, consequently, English hostility was most outspoken and clamorous for active intervention.

His uprightness and zeal in good works, his pure, earnest Christianity, and his healthy influence as a writer, are entitled to a respect which the most brilliant talents and conspicuous deeds cannot always justly claim.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

REMOVING THE TRACES.

OF all the ungodly places at six o'clock on a cold winter's morning, commend me to the Tombs police-court. How the spirit (there are no ghosts nowadays) of Mark Tapley would revel in its horrors—the chilling atmosphere, the gloom, the repulsive associations of the place, the knowledge that one is within a few feet of some five-and-twenty human beings whose hands are indelibly stained with the life-blood of their fellows, and, last and more realistic, because more immediate, that dreadful pen of poor, downfallen humanity, the “drunk and disorderlies” collected at the down-town station-houses during the night, who are—some with trembling and ashamedness, some with insolent bravado—awaiting the coming of the magistrate before starting on their inevitable trip to “the island” for ten days’ change of air. Add to this the fact that you have to stamp your toes and blow on your fingers for a good two hours in this scene before the magistrate arrives, and I think that even the exacting spirit of Mr. Tapley would own that he had for once found his much-coveted opportunity of being jolly under adverse circumstances.

I was thoroughly depressed when I put in an appearance at the early examination at the Tombs the other morning. Warmly as I was clothed, and rapidly as I had walked from the hotel where I had passed the night, the howling cold snap and driving rain had thoroughly chilled me. I had, too, seen, here and there on my route, the children of misery and wretchedness, stealing out from their unpaid-for night’s shelter in some dark door-way; and, as I hurried up the steps leading to the gloomy-looking entrance of the Tombs, I repeated to myself the lines in “Lear”:

“Poor naked wretches, wheresoe’er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From suchness such as these!”

The next minute I was in the court-room. By-the-way, I may as well state at once that I was neither “a prosecutor,” nor “a felony,” nor “a larceny,” nor “a brutal assault.” The officers have a curious habit of speaking of their prisoners as being “brutal assaults,” “knuckle-dusters,” “knife-cases,” etc., alluding, of course, to the charge on which they have been arrested. When I first heard a half-starved-looking little man spoken of as a “knife-case,” I eyed him with considerable curiosity. I had read of the marvels of Indian jugglery and Japanese legerdemain; but I thought it must trouble even those accomplished heathen artists to convert themselves into “knife-cases.” A few more such graphic descriptions, however, soon enlightened me, and I began to turn my attention to the business which had brought me to the Tombs on that inclement Monday morning—a study of the “drunk and disorderlies.” There was every specimen of the genus—from the “first offence” to the “incorrigible”—a gathering worthy of the pencil of a Hogarth. At first I was inclined to think that I should be troubled with *l’embarras de richesses*, like the medi-

cal student who visited a battle-field for the purpose of securing “a subject.” I, too, was in search of a subject. I intended to make a temporary investment in one of the many eligible specimens before me, and the only trouble was which to choose. I scanned them all carefully, studied their good and bad points, and appraised them one after another, till, at last, even some of the most brazen-faced hung their heads and concealed their features. I heard afterward that I was suspected of being an officer in citizen’s dress, present for the purpose of proving previous convictions against old offenders. “Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all!” However, I made my choice.

But *l’homme propose et Dieu dispose*. That stern dictator of the law—the sitting magistrate—came very near “upsetting my apple-cart.” One by one, he ordered off the most likely examples to “the island,” and, when the very one of all others I had set my heart upon was sentenced to share the same fate with them, and to join the ranks of monarchs retired from business, my heart sank within me, and I could almost have cried with vexation. What to me was the miscarriage of justice at such a time? I was bent on a certain purpose, and I had made up my mind that, if that one particular personage was afforded the alternative of going to “the island,” or handing over five dollars to the treasury of the city and county of New York, the five dollars should be forthcoming at all hazards. But the judge would not give me the ghost of a chance, and, to-day, I am a richer man by the sum of a five dollars. But there was still another and unforeseen chance for me. Almost the last case called up was that of a Dutchman, who was charged with beating his wife; and the unhappy wife’s eyes and nose were pretty competent and convincing witnesses against him. He was taken below; and, as soon as he was lost to the sight, he immediately became dear to the memory of his better half, who burst out crying as she turned to leave the court-room. Here, then, was my chance. A few sympathetic words would stand me in need for an introduction, and, by dint of a little management, I should be in possession of “a subject.”

“I am very sorry for you; but cheer up, he will soon be back again,” I remarked, in the most sympathetic of tones, as I walked by the side of the sobbing woman across the hall.

She accepted my sympathy with a thankful glance, and sobbed more bitterly than ever.

“Can I do any thing for you?” I asked. More sobs.

The situation was becoming rather embarrassing, and I thought I would try a more direct attack; so I observed, quite incidentally, of course, “That is a fearful black-eye your husband has given you.”

“Vat dat you say?” she inquired, in an eager, nervous tone.

“That is a fearful black-eye your husband has given you,” I repeated.

“Vat you ken? Vat you do?” she asked, half in anger and half with the air of an injured individual.

I began to be more than half afraid that

the consequent symptoms which generally follow the prosecution of a husband were about to exhibit themselves “full out,” as the doctors say when children have the measles “nicely.” The poor woman was fast forgetting the cowardly blows she had received, and was already thinking more of the good-for-nothing fellow on his way to prison than of herself. But her features, her dress, and the neat arrangement of her hair, proclaimed her to be respectable, though very poor. So I thought I would attack her respectability as a forlorn hope, trusting that it might prove to be a weak and assailable point.

“It will be a dreadful thing for a respectable woman like you to have to go about in that disfigured state,” I artfully put in, and speaking very slowly and distinctly, so that she might understand me.

“Yah,” she replied; “but vas can I do?”

I chuckled quietly over what I thought to be the coming success of my diplomacy, and assured her, in convincing tones, that I took so much interest in her sad case that, if she would place herself in my charge and come with me, she should be subjected to a process by which all traces of the ugly marks on her face should be quickly removed, and that thus she would be freed from any unpleasant remarks and impertinent inquiries from her neighbors.

How wrong I was! How thoroughly I had mistaken my “subject!” The woman cast one terrified glance at me, threw her thick woollen shawl over her baby, ejaculated “Der Teufel!” and fled down the steps into the street like a startled deer. I am morally certain that she either took me for his Satanic majesty or an alchemist, an astrologer or a sorcerer, or some bedevilled representative of humanity. She did not even once look behind her, and she was soon lost to view. There I stood at the top of the steps, not knowing whether to laugh or to feel disconsolate. I did neither. I whistled. That prolonged whistle did more for me than all my diplomacy had done. By causing them to laugh, it drew my attention to two women who had been standing by my side and quietly listening all the while to what had passed between the Dutchwoman and myself. I was almost startled out of my sense of propriety. I had thought that the unaccommodating judge had locked up every man, woman, and child, with a disfigured face; and yet, standing there, face to face with me, was a subject equally as good for my purpose as the one who had so unceremoniously slipped through my fingers. She had a splendidly-decorated eye, and how I missed her I do not know. I dashed in *medias res*, and asked her how she had managed to get off. She told me that it was her first visit to the Tombs from that ward, and that, escaping recognition, the judge had let her off on the promise of reformation.

“And I do hope, Mary, you’ll keep your promise,” put in her companion, who, as I afterward learned, was her elder sister.

“Say, what’s that you was saying to that woman about taking out black-eyes?” inquired Mary, with marked interest. “You see I’ve got a pretty bad ’un, and it’ll be worse to-morrow. I don’t live down in this

ward, and I don't want to go home with such a knuckle-kiss as this."

I had a long and confidential conversation with Mary and her sister; the result of which was the transfer of fifty cents from my pocket to Mary's, and an arrangement that we should meet again at eleven o'clock—not in the same spot, Mary strongly objected to that—on the angular piece of sidewalk at the junction of the Bowery and East Broadway, in Chatham Square. The fifty cents was to pay for Mary's breakfast. The "recess" (it is astonishing how quickly one picks up police-court technical phrases) was to give me a chance to take my daily cold bath, get some breakfast, and read the newspapers.

Now, the readers of *APPLETON'S JOURNAL* will naturally ask, "What is the meaning of all this?" Well, I have a straightforward answer to their inquiry. The other day I was strolling along the Bowery, when a printed slip was thrust into my hand by a half-clad, shivering, blue-nosed man, who looked as though he would like to drink a pint of rum, and sit on a "Morning-glory" cooking-stove till it boiled, in order to warm himself. It had a pica heading, which read—

"WHY WEAR A BLACK-EYE?"

This was a totally novel idea to me. The only black-eyes that I remember to have worn were worn out twenty years ago; the last one after my last school-boy fight. I read on. The advertisement went on to say that Mr. — of No. — Bowery, was ready and willing, for a stipulated sum, to remove all traces of "falls, tumbles, blows, personal encounters" (surely they must include blows!), "natural imperfections, skin-blotches, scars, burns, and scalds," by a "purely harmless process," and "without pain or inconvenience."

"What a benefactor to suffering humanity must that man be!" I mentally exclaimed.

At the bottom of the slip I read, "Discoloration around the eye effectually concealed, in artistic style, for five dollars."

I am naturally of an inquisitive temperament, and, I confess, my curiosity was greatly excited by this remarkable advertisement. I had heard of Madame Rachel and her "beautiful forever" business; but I had also heard that she had been, even if she is not now, imprisoned in Newgate as a common impostor. I had also heard—but, oh, "tell it not in Gath!"—that some of the young beauties of New York are not unbelievers as to the merits of pigments and cosmetics. But here was a gentleman who struck out boldly; who not only openly advertised his occupation, but advertised that what he did was done "in artistic style." My desire to test his artistic ability was irrepresible; but, as I did not feel inclined to run my eye against a post, or to get some one to put my head in "a friendly 'chancery' suit," in order to test it personally, I thought I would pay a substitute to do duty for me, and the most likely place from which to enlist a substitute was, I thought, one of the Metropolitan police-courts. So, as I pondered over the matter with the aid of a cigar one evening, I determined to go to the Tombs next morning, in spite of having to exchange my comfortable den for a hotel bedroom for the night—no small sacrifice to one

who loves and respects his "den." And I have one that I love:

"In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world, with its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs."

That is just my case. No more and no less. And I am happy as the day is long.

At eleven o'clock precisely, I was on the spot appointed for my meeting-place with Mary, whom I had arranged to escort to this black-eye-effectually-concealing artist's studio in the Bowery. She was a few minutes late. But that did not trouble me so much as the fact, which I quickly discovered, that she had drunk something a little stronger for breakfast than hot coffee. She did not attempt to deny the soft impeachment. Oh, where were those promises of reformation which she had made to the judge only a couple of hours before!

"When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be;
When the devil got well, the devil a saint was he."

And so it was with the unfortunate victim of alcohol I had enlisted in my service. She was far from intoxicated, but I was considerably nonplussed when she wanted to take my arm, as we walked up the Bowery. This request I absolutely refused to comply with, and soon subdued her into a proper feeling of respect, by intimating that she had not yet received the dollar which was to be her remuneration, and that she appeared to be more than likely not to receive it. From that moment, till we rang at the bell of a back-room on the second floor of the house mentioned in the artist's advertisement, nothing could have been more circumspect than her behavior. The artist himself, palette and brushes in hand, replied to the summons.

"Mr. —, I presume?" I said.

"Yes, sir. Walk in," he replied; and, as he politely ushered me in, he shut the door in Mary's face.

I was not sorry for this, for it gave me the opportunity of explaining matters to him a little.

"You paint out black-eyes, I believe," I remarked, blurring the business out rather bluntly.

My artist assented with a shrug of the shoulders.

"I want you to practise your art on the young woman outside," I said.

"Ah! Thank you, I don't take that kind of business," he replied, with a slightly offended air. I don't paint any but the upper classes."

I was about to exclaim, "The devil you don't!" when I stopped myself, and explained to him the simple cause of my paying him a visit, and who the woman was, and ended by begging him not to disappoint me after I had taken so much trouble in the matter. He graciously condescended to comply with my petition, and he graciously condescended to take his five-dollar fee after he finished his work. How the world does love to deceive itself!

Mary was called in, and requested to remove her bonnet. This she did with much simpering and giggling, and then took her seat in a large velvet-cushioned chair, similar to

those in use in barbers'-shops. In the mean time, the artist opened his box of paints and pigments, and began to compound various tints of flesh-color, from the rosiest to the whitest. He went about it in the most business-like way, as though he was about to begin the head of a Madonna for the next exhibition of the Academy of Design; and he moved about with an air of dignity which was superbly ludicrous considering the branch of the art of painting which he follows. While he was thus engaged, Mary thoroughly inspected the room and its contents, scrutinizing every thing, and peering into corners and cupboards in a way that attracted my attention. I requested her to sit down.

"Yes, I'm goin' to, now," she replied, as she resumed her seat in the velvet-cushioned chair.

"What do you mean?" I asked, feeling rather puzzled at the tone of her reply.

"Why," she answered, "I was lookin' to see if there was any of them photograph things about. I don't want to have my portrait took for no rogues' gallery. I don't know who you are, and I don't trust nobody. I ain't goin' to give a chance, anyway."

The artist and I both laughed, and assured her that we had no sinister intentions of that sort, and that, as soon as her eye was properly painted, she would be allowed to depart in peace and safety, as far as we were concerned.

The eye-painter then approached his subject, and with a small sponge carefully wiped all that part of her face—the left eye and cheek—which was discolored. Having done this to his satisfaction, he seized his palette and brushes, and, striking the attitude of artistic genius, set to work in earnest. He first of all painted the discolored parts with a colorless pigment, which seemed to dry very rapidly, and every now and then requested the woman to open her eye, in order to see whether it would dry without cracking. One or two little bits like gold-beater's skin split off from the surface, and he reduced the thickness of the pigment by mixing a small quantity of some fluid with it.

As I sat thus, intently watching the operation, I could not help thinking of the picture of Vandyck in his studio (the artist was not unlike the portraits of the great painter), and feeling disgusted at such a horrible prostitution of so glorious an art as painting, for this man is really a painter by profession. The walls of his studio were hung with pictures, though not of a very high class, of his own painting, and an unfinished landscape was on an easel in the corner. He worked away at the woman's face with all the delicacy of touch of a miniature portrait-painter, putting a touch here and a touch there, and then stepping back to see the effect of it. "Just a little too bright," he would say, speaking to himself, and immediately he would proceed to tone the coloring down a little. In this way he steadily worked on, the discoloration gradually showing fainter and fainter through the pigment, till at last it was invisible altogether. A few finishing touches completed the process, which occupied about five-and-thirty minutes; and then, with an air of triumph, he turned to me and said:

"There, sir; what do you think of that? The most successful effort I have made for some time."

The whole thing was certainly admirably done. The enamelling was, of course, apparent on examination, but I doubted if any casual observer would have detected it. Certainly the woman might have walked about the streets from morning till night and no one would have suspected that she had a very bad black-eye. The artist said that it was painted just at the right time. The swelling of the flesh had all subsided, and consequently there would be no need of a second painting, as is the case when the bruise is very recent. I had supposed that the woman had got damaged the night before, but, in answer to my inquiry on this point, she told me that her "eye" was three days old. On consulting the looking-glass, Mary was considerably surprised at first, but her surprise soon gave way to expressions of delight. She declared that she could hardly believe it, and asserted that she had never looked so well in her life before.

"I really look quite nice and handsome," she said. "I'd like to go and have my portrait took now if I had the money."

I laughed heartily. I could not help it, for Mary was as unprepossessing a specimen of female loveliness as one often sees. Her vanity recalled to me Mr. Saxe's epigram "on an ugly person sitting for a daguerreotype:"

"Here Nature in her glass—the wanton elf—
Sits gravely making faces at herself;
And while she scans each clumsy feature o'er,
Repeats the blunders that she made before."

I paid Mary one dollar, the price she had stipulated for, after much haggling, for allowing her eye to be painted for my amusement and edification, and at once dismissed her. As I handed the accomplished artist his fee of five dollars, he handed me a cigar, and, while I was lighting the cigar, I took the liberty of making one or two impertinent inquiries about his strange business.

"Do you have much of this kind of work to do?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied; "I generally have two or three sittings a day. Some ladies come to me regularly. I have one lady patron who has a very ugly and deep scar on her temple. She comes to me twice a week, wet or dry, to have it filled and enamelled."

"Why, she must be a valuable customer to you," I said.

"Well, she pays me so much a quarter."

"Are there any other members of your profession who paint human faces?" I asked.

"I only know of one," he replied, "and he doesn't amount to much. Nearly all first-class drug-stores keep an assistant who can paint out a black-eye."

"Indeed!" I remarked.

"Yes," he rejoined. "But they're not artists. Their work is very badly done, easily detected, and lasts no time. It requires a real artist to do the thing well and effectually. Why, if that woman is careful, the pigments I have put on her face will not wear off till all the discoloration has disappeared. They will last at least a fortnight."

My artist then mentioned to me the names of several of the leading drug-stores in the city

where eye-painting is done, astonishing me no little at the estimate he gave me of the number of faces daily disfigured among the young men of the upper classes. I thanked him for his information and courtesy, and took my leave; and, as I wended my way down-stairs, I quoted to myself James Russell Lowell's lines:

"But John P. Robinson he
Says they don't know every thing down in Jude."

A. P.

EDUCATION AS A SEDATIVE.

WHAT, more than aught else, has tended, probably, in these latter days, to reconcile the bulk of the British people to a mediæval institution, such as the House of Lords, is the personal character of certain noblemen.

There are, and always have been, some dozen members of that ancient chamber at Westminster who lighten the lump, and thus serve to compensate their countrymen for the heavy residuum of mediocrity, narrow-mindedness, and vice. On which side of the House these redeemers of their order are seated matters but little. It is the man, and not his politics, at which his humbler countryman looks, and he is estimated at his personal and not his partisan value.

Such a peer was the late Lord Derby; his son is another; a third is the Marquis of Salisbury, Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

Lord Salisbury's is the keenest lay intellect in the Upper House. He comes of a famous race, whose traditional ability he well sustains. The direct heir of the famous Burleigh's second son, he dwells to-day in Hatfield House, the same superb ancestral home which Robert Cecil, his namesake and progenitor, founded nearly three centuries ago, and is amply endowed with the means requisite to maintain the splendor of his position.

But there is nothing like a little adversity to school men's minds. The marquis once enjoyed the inestimable advantage of having been a poor man, in no slight degree dependent on his own energies.

He was not always an eldest son. After a distinguished career at Oxford, where he became a Fellow of All-Souls' College, Lord Robert Cecil, as he then was, married the brilliant daughter of an eminent judge. This lady was his senior in age, and on this and other accounts the union gave great offence to his father. The requisite increase to his income was refused, and Lord and Lady Robert Cecil found themselves with means such as very few fashionable New-Yorkers would deem sufficient for gloves, operas, and cigars. But they were thoroughly equal to the occasion. It was about this time that Mr. Beresford Hope, who had married Lord Robert's sister, established the paper now world-famous as the *Saturday Review*, and his brother- and sister-in-law were soon enrolled among its wittiest and most incisive contributors. For some years the *Saturday*, the *Quarterly*, and other leading periodicals, received constant valuable papers from their pens, and their

active literary career was only terminated by the sudden death of Lord Cranbourne, Lord Robert's accomplished blind brother. His demise made Lord Robert heir to the family honors, and brought his father to reason; and then, within a few months, he became—without passing through any preliminary office—Secretary of State for India. Men saw that the turn of fortune's tide was come for one of the finest intellects of the day. His career at the India office exceeded expectation.

"Never," said one of the permanent officials—than whom no one could better judge—"have we had such a head here."

Unfortunately, a cabinet schism cut short his tenure of office. In common with Lord Carnarvon and General Peel, he seceded from the ministry in consequence of a difference—destined to become a cause of chronic antagonism—with Disraeli, and his executive services have since been lost to the crown; fortunately, however, by no means to his country. On succeeding to his father's coronet and vast possessions, Lord Salisbury not only took his place as a foremost leader in the Lords, and as a great country gentleman, but has undertaken miscellaneous labors of the most arduous and useful description.

Can he only be induced to espouse a cause, the battle is regarded as three parts won. Thus, the Great Eastern was, so far as shareholders were concerned, the Erie of England. Lord Salisbury was induced to accept the chairmanship, and there came confidence out of chaos. Conflicting interests arose in other companies. Lord Salisbury's arbitration was implored. Whig and Tory, Protestant and Dissenter, were alike content, so soon as their differences were to be decided by this high-tory, high-church aristocrat—so confident are his countrymen in his keen-sightedness, candor, and capacity. And, quite lately, Lord Salisbury has been before his country very prominently in a speech on education.

"It is an odd topic," he says, and yet with equal truth adds that "there is always something new to be said about it;" and this something new he has said.

Lord Salisbury has never been a great believer in direct beneficial effects of education in producing moral excellence, and in the theory that reading and writing will prevent picking and stealing; but, in his recent address, he shows, in a few striking sentences, the salutary sedative effect which cultivation of the mind has upon a weakness which may be said to be the special social bane of our country—the restless craving for excitement; a craving which thousands do not scruple to avow and deplore. "The powers," he says, "with which Nature has endowed us, must find some exercise; for, if we have not sufficient muscular exercise, and if we do not find brain-exercise by the thorough cultivation of our minds, we shall feel that morbid craving for excitement which results in intoxication and other terrible evils. Our fashionable world especially, of either sex, will do well to ponder this."

For several years, we have been running too much into the mistake of making mere beautiful toys of our girls. They are arrayed in all the splendor that wealth can give; they pass from one scene of excitement to another;

even the summer is no time for rest and reflection, for Newport and similar resorts are, if possible, more gay and frivolous than the winter home. Reading, reflection, thorough accomplishments, are, to the majority of our fashionable young ladies, almost unknown. If they speak French, it is merely because French nurses have surrounded them from infancy, and thus they could not avoid picking it up; but few could write a well-expressed, grammatical letter to save their lives. Their music is miserable, and what would appear to be a chronic cold, curiously supervening with spasmodic severity whenever a song is requested, precludes any vocal performance on the part of those who have enjoyed every advantage that the ablest of instructors can give. Of literature, save of the washiest novels, they are lamentably ignorant. To sit down for steady reading, for an hour or two a day, would, by the majority, be voted "awfully slow." In place of all these wholesome employments and distractions, they hurry from house to house, to tell "some new thing," and try and gratify the ever-gnawing demon Excitement! Thus their topics of conversation become so restricted to the tittle-tattle of the immediate surroundings that, in a really intelligent company, they are unable to bear their part in a rational conversation, and cause the cultivated to feel in their presence how truly Rochefoucauld spoke when he said, "A sensible man is often seriously embarrassed in the society of fools."

MISCELLANY.

Selections from New Books and Foreign Journals.

A LADY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

WE quote from Dr. Doran's "Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu," just published in London, a few passages illustrative of life and manners in the eighteenth century:

MRS. MONTAGU'S FAMILY.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON, who became so well known, subsequently, as Mrs. Montagu, belongs altogether to the eighteenth century. She was born at York, in October, 1720. She died in the last year of that century, 1800. Miss Robinson was of a family, the founder of which, William Robinson, a London merchant, but a descendant of a line of Scottish barons, bought, in 1610, the estate of Rokeby, in Yorkshire, from Sir Thomas Rokeby, whose ancestors had held it from the time of the Conquest. Her father, Matthew Robinson, was an only son of a cadet branch of the Robinsons. He was a member of the University of Cambridge, where he wooed the Muses less ardently than he did Miss Elizabeth Drake, a beautiful heiress, whom he married when he was only eighteen years of age. The very young couple settled at Edgely, in Yorkshire; but the husband (owner, through his wife, of more than one estate in the country) preferred the shady side of Pall Mall to fields of waving corn or groves vocal with nightingales.

Mrs. Montagu derived from her family a certain distinction; but she enjoyed greater advantage, for a time at least, from the marriage of her maternal grandmother, who took for her second husband the learned and celebrated Dr. Conyers Middleton. Dr. Middleton's home was at Cambridge, where a few of

Miss Robinson's youthful years were profitably and curiously spent.

Curiously—from the method which the biographer of Cicero took with the bright and intelligent girl. Among the divines, scholars, philosophers, travellers, men of the world who were, together or in turn, to be met with at Dr. Middleton's house, the figure of the silent, listening, and observant little maid was always to be seen. Her presence there was a part of her education. Dr. Middleton trained her to give perfect attention to the conversation, and to repeat to him all that she could retain of it, after the company had dispersed. When she had to speak of what she did not well understand, Dr. Middleton enlightened his little pupil. This process not only filled her young mind with knowledge, but made her eager in the pursuit of more.

How readily she received impressions at an early age, and how indelibly they were stamped on her memory, she has herself recorded. "One of the strongest pictures in my mind," she wrote to Lord Lyttelton, in 1759, "is the funeral of a Dean of York, which I saw performed with great solemnity in the Cathedral, when I was about four years old. Whether the memory of it, added to the present objects, may not have made the place appear the more awful to me, I do not know; but I was never so affected by any edifice." She loved York, and in her early Yorkshire home, the plan of education went far in advance of the views, and perhaps of the powers, of family governesses. Masters, as well as mistresses, were there for the instruction of both sons and daughters; but Elizabeth's father sharpened and stimulated her intellect by encouraging her to make smart repartees to his own witty or severe judgments. In this cudgelling of brains, Matthew had great delight till he found that his daughter was too much for him at his most favorite weapons. Matthew then bit his lips, and ceased to offer challenge or give provocation.

HER YOUTH.

In the Robinson family, personal grace came naturally; but the mind was cultivated. Indeed, in that household, the wits were not allowed to rust. It was the delight of those bright girls and boys to maintain or to denounce, for the sport's sake, some particular argument set up for the purpose. Occasionally, the pleasant skirmish would develop into something like serious battle. The triumphant laugh of the victor would now and then bring tears to the eyes of the vanquished. At such times there was a moderator of the excited little assembly. The mother of the young disputants sat at a table close at hand. She read or worked; sometimes she listened smilingly; sometimes was not without apprehension. But she was equal to the emergency. Her children recognized her on such occasions as "Mrs. Speaker;" and that much-loved dignitary always adjourned the house when victory was too hotly contested, or when triumph seemed likely to be abused.

It is hard to believe that Elizabeth Robinson, who was the liveliest of these disputants, assumed or submitted to the drudgery of copying the whole of the *Spectator*, when she was only eight years of age. Her courage and perseverance, however, were equal to such a task; but her energies were often turned in another direction. She was as unreservedly given to dancing, she tells us, as if she had been bitten by a tarantula. She as ardently loved fun—"within the limits of becoming mirth"—as she devotedly pursued learning.

"My mind used to sleep," she writes to Lord Lyttelton, "eight or ten hours without even the visitation of a dream, and rose in the morning, like Aurora, throwing freshness and joy on every object, tricked itself out in sunbeams, and set in gay and glowing colors." With a head furnished with knowledge beyond

that possessed by most girls of her age; with feet restless and impatient to join any dance anywhere; she had a heart most sisterly and tenderly attuned to love for, and sympathy with, her brothers. "I have seven of them," she wrote while she was yet in her teens, "and would not part with one for a kingdom. If I had but one, I should be distracted about him. Surely, no one has so many or so good brothers." This is only one out of a score of such testimonies of sisterly affection.

There are some significant traces of the effects of this lady's early training in the letters which she wrote from the time she was twelve years of age till she had reached her twenty-second year, when she married. These letters were addressed to a friend older than herself, Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, who, in 1734, became Duchess of Portland. They are sprightly and forcible, but they are "girlish." . . . She was fond of illustrating her early letters by images taken from life, and set up after the fashion of popular novelists. One of these figures occurs in a letter addressed to the Duchess of Portland, in May, 1734, when the lively writer had not yet completed her fourteenth year: "I am surprised that my answer to your grace's letter has never reached your hands. I sent it immediately to Canterbury, by the servant of a gentleman who dined here; and I suppose he forgot to put it in the post. . . . If my letter were sensible, what would be its mortification, that, instead of having the honor to kiss your grace's hands, it must live confined in the footman's pocket, with greasy gloves, rotten apples, mouldy nuts, a pack of dirty cards, and the only companion of its sort—a tender epistle from his sweetheart, 'tru till deth;' perhaps, by its situation, subject to be kicked by his master every morning, till at last, by ill-usage and rude company, worn too thin for any other use, it may make its exit by lighting a tobacco-pipe."

HABITS OF YOUNG WOMEN IN 1735.

Before she was fifteen, she had some experiences not likely to fall to the lot of young ladies of the present day. "I have in winter," she writes to Mrs. Anstey, "gone eight miles to dance to the music of a blind fiddler, and returned at two o'clock in the morning, mightily pleased that I had been so well entertained." Indeed, young ladies seem to have been thoroughly emancipated, and to have been abroad in the "wee sma' hours 'ayont the twal" enjoying all the perils consequent on such rather wild doings. In 1735, when our young lady was not quite eighteen, she went, with two of her brothers and her sister, eight miles to the play, from her Kentish home; and she tells the Duchess of Portland, "After the play, the gentlemen invited all the women to a supper at the inn, where we stayed till two o'clock in the morning, and then all set out for our respective homes." The frolicsome damsel adds, "Before I had gone two miles, I had the pleasure of being overturned, at which I squealed for joy." It was, perhaps, this indulgence in fun and late hours, joined to much solid reading, that made this youthful reveller and student hate early morning hours as she hated cards. But her "quality" was favorably shown in her ready observance of the law and custom of the house in which she happened to be a sojourner. There is no better proof than this of what is understood by "good-breeding." She would rather have gone down to breakfast at noon than at nine; but if the breakfast-hour of her entertainers was at eight, there was the young guest at table, fresh as the rose and brighter than the dawn. She amusingly illustrated this matter once, by writing from a house where she was tarrying, "Six o'clock in the morning; New Style!"

Elizabeth Robinson's day is described, on one of these occasions, as breakfasting in

Mary-le-bone Gardens at ten; giving a sitting to Zincke after mid-day, for her well-known miniature portrait as Anne Boleyn; and spending the evening at Vauxhall. At the nobility's private balls given in the first-named suburban paradise, Elizabeth Robinson was among the gayest and fairest of the revellers. Before the dances began in those days, the ladies' fans were thrown upon a table, and the men then drew them for partners, each taking for his own the lady to whom the fan which he had drawn, and which he presented to her, belonged. It was not all breakfasting and dancing in those gardens. There was a large plunging-bath there, much used by fashionable Naiads, who rose from silken couches, donned a bathing-dress, took headers into the waters, gambolled in and under them till they were breathless, and then went home to dress for other enjoyments.

At Tunbridge Wells, at Bath, and at county races, Elizabeth Robinson's beauty attracted all eyes; her vivacious wit charmed or stung all ears. At these places, she studied life quite as much as she enjoyed its pleasures; and she could not go down a dance at the Wells or at "The Bath," without making little mental epigrams on the looks of newly-married people, the manners of lovers, and the doings of eccentric folk. These found their way, in writing, to her dual friend, who had already bestowed on the restless maiden the nickname of "La Petite Fidget."

CUSTOMS AT BATH.

At Bath, she was as restless, as observant, and as epigrammatic as at Tunbridge Wells. She describes Bath life, in 1740, as consisting all the morning of "How d'ye does?" and all night of "What's trumps?" The women, in the "Ladies' Coffee House," talk only of diseases. The men, "except Lord Noel Somerset, are altogether abominable. There is not one good; no, not one." Among the lady eccentrics, was a certain dowager duchess, who, said Miss Robinson, "bathes, and, being very tall, had nearly drowned a few women in the Cross Bath; for she had ordered it to be filled till it reached her chin; and so all those who were below her stature, as well as herank, were obliged to come out or drown."

The glance thus obtained into the Bath itself only gives, as it were, a momentary view of the fashionable people in those fashionable waters. They who compare old accounts with what is now to be seen, will agree that he who looks, at the present day, into the dull, dark, and simmering waters, can have no conception of the jollity, frolic, riot, dissipation, and indecorum, which once reigned there. There was a regular promenade in the waters, and the promenaders were of both sexes. They were in bathing costumes, and walked with the waters nearly up to their necks. The heads of the shorter people appeared to be floating. At the same time, they were frolicking, or flirting, or otherwise amusing themselves. Those who came for sanitary purposes were hanging on by the rings in the wall, and were sedulously parboiling themselves. The Cross Bath was the famous *quality* bath. Handsome jappanned bowls floated before the ladies, laden with confectionery, or with oils, essences, and perfumery for their use. Now and then one of these bowls would float away from its owner, and her swain would float after it, bring it again before her, and, if he were in the humor, would turn on his back and affect to sink to the bottom, out of mere rapture at the opportunity of serving her. The spectators in the gallery looked on, laughed, or applauded, till the hour for closing came. Therewith came half-tub chairs, lined with blankets, whose owners plied for fares, and carried home the steaming freight at a sharp trot and a shilling for the job.

HER LOVERS.

There are traces throughout Miss Robinson's early letters of how it went with her own heart and its sympathies. In her eighteenth year, she wrote to the Duchess of Portland: "I never saw one man that I loved." She added to this assertion such an endless list of virtues, merits, qualities, etc., which she expected to find in that happy individual, as to lead to the conclusion that a monster so faultless would never be created. She even half acknowledged as much; for she wrote, "I am like Pygmalion, in love with a picture of my own drawing; but I never saw an original like it in my life. I hope when I do, I shall, as some poet says, find the 'statue warm.'" In her nineteenth year, she gave utterance to a pretty petulance in these words: "I wish some of our neighbors had married two-and-twenty years ago; we should have had a gallant young neighborhood; but they have lost time, and we have lost lovers by that delay." To a remark of her sister's, that, if she were not heedful, some handsome fool would win her in spite of herself, she replied that, to win her heart, "it must be rather fair-spoken than fair-faced."

In 1741, this decided young lady was wooed by a fashionable lover, and also by a noble lover who was her senior by a good many years. The former was dismissed, and the young lady wrote to her sister in the above year: "Poor M. B. takes his misfortune so to heart, that I really pity him; but I have no balsam of heart's-ease for him. If he should die, I will have him buried in Westminster Abbey, next to the woman who died with the prick of a finger, for it is quite as extraordinary; and he shall have his figure languishing in wax, with 'Miss Robinson fecit,' written over his head. I really compassionate his sufferings and pity him; but though I am as compassionate, I am as cold, as charity. He pours out his soul in lamentations to his friends, and all

'But the nymph that should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song!'

... I am glad he has such a stock of flesh to waste upon. . . . I am really quite fat; and if there were not some hope that I might get lean again, by raking in town, I should be uneasy at it. I am now the figure of Laugh-and-be-fat, and begin to think myself a comely personage. Adieu! *Supper is on table.*"

And the saucy nymph "really did her errand" before many thought. She declined the offer of the man of fashion, and said "Yes" to the suit of the older scholar and gentleman.

HER MARRIAGE.

The practical conclusion came in due time. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, A.D. 1742, there is the record of eleven marriages. Four of them saucily chronicle the fortunes of the brides. Among the other seven, may be read this brief announcement: "August 5, Edward Montagu, Esq., member for Huntingdon, to the eldest daughter of Matthew Robinson, of Horton, in Kent, Esq."

Edward Montagu was the son of Charles, who was the fifth son of the first Earl of Sandwich. He was a well-endowed gentleman, both intellectually and materially, and he adopted the Socratic maxim, that a wise man keeps out of public business. He is described as being "of a different turn from his wife, fond of the severer studies, particularly mathematics." Under his influences, the bounding Iambe from Horton gradually grew into the "Minerva," as she was called by friends as well as epigrammatists. . . . They were married in London, and did not immediately leave it. Mr. Freind officiated at the marriage ceremony. The bride, in a note to Mrs.

Freind, expressed her infinite obligation to him, "for not letting the knot be tied by the hands of an ordinary bungler." . . .

Shortly after, the newly-wedded pair travelled to one of Mr. Montagu's estates in the north; but not alone. They were accompanied by the bride's sister. The custom of sending a *chaperon* with a young married couple prevailed. Indeed, down to a comparatively recent period, some husbands and wives, who were married in Yorkshire, may remember that to have started on their wedding trip or their journey home, without a third person, would have been considered lamentable indecorum.

The bride thus speaks of the journey and the new home. To Mrs. Freind, she writes: "We arrived at this place (Allerthorpe, Yorkshire), after a journey of six days through fine countries. Mr. Montagu has the pleasure of calling many hundred pounds a year about his house his own, without any person's property interfering with it. I think it is the prettiest estate and in the best order I ever saw: large and beautiful meadows for riding or walking in, and all as neat as a garden, with a pretty river (the Swale) winding about them, on which we shall sometimes go in boats. . . .

"The sun gilds every object, but I assure you it is the only fine thing we have had; for the house is old and not handsome; it is very convenient, and the situation extremely pleasant. We found the finest peaches, nectarines, and apricots, that I have ever eat."

Early in October, Mr. Montagu left his wife, parliamentary business calling him to town. She dreaded the invasion of condoling neighbors, and not without reason. "We have not been troubled with any visitors since Mr. Montagu went away; and could you see how ignorant, how awkward, how absurd, and how uncouth the generality of people are in this country, you would look upon this as no small piece of good fortune. For the most part, they are drunken and vicious, and worse than hypocrites—profligates. I am very happy that drinking is not within our walls. We have not had one person disordered by liquor since we came down, though most of the poor ladies in the neighborhood have had more hogs in their drawing-room than ever they had in their hog-sty." One visitor was unwelcome assiduous. She thus hits him off to the duchess, as a portrait of a country beau and wit: "Had you seen the pains this animal has been taking to imitate the cringe of a beau, you would have pitied him. He walks like a tortoise and chatters like a magpie. . . . He was first a clown, then he was sent to the Inns of Court, where he first fell into a red waistcoat and velvet breeches, then into vanity. His light companions led him to the playhouse, where he ostentatiously coquetted with the orange wenches, who cured him of the bad air of taking snuff. . . . He then fell into the company of the jovial, till want of money and want of taste led this prodigal son, if not to eat, to drink with swine. . . . At last . . . he returned to the country, where . . . people treat him civilly . . . and one gentleman in the neighborhood is so fond of him as, I believe, to spend a great deal of money and most of his time upon him."

We hope to afford the reader, at another time, further selections from this entertaining volume.

FUNERAL POMPS.

One of the oddest developments of the Englishman in America is the ostentation he delights to introduce into the ceremonials of death. Perhaps it is not a development. It may be that our kinsmen have simply retained habits which have gradually dropped off from ourselves since the two great divi-

ions of the Anglo-Saxon family parted company, and if the way in which this taste is manifested is forced upon our notice more strongly in succeeding years, it perhaps is only because ampler means have enabled surviving relatives, friends, and admirers, to indulge their predilections with greater freedom. We know that words and phrases, and even tones of speech, have been retained in use in the States which have ceased to be current among ourselves, so that ignorant Englishmen have brought back as Americanisms what were merely archaic forms and expressions. So it may be in the celebration of funerals. Our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were certainly very fond of these melancholy pomps. Every one who knows any thing of the rural life of the "Old Home," or whose memory can go back a few decades—even if it be no more than thirty years—can tell how the "Black Duke," as he was always called, from his pent-house eyebrows, or the "Wild Earl," or the twentieth Sir John in a direct line, lay in state for three days in the family house, while all the county went to view him. They filed in and out, and were treated according to their degree; and when the actual day of burial came there was a state procession and a consumption of funeral-baked meats, which remained the talk of the neighborhood for years after. The less robust sorrow of this generation shrinks from these trials. Wills solemnly forbid them, and survivors recoil from them with horror, if not with disgust. Friends who can claim no kinship with the dead would sooner mourn him in the silent intervals of busy life than swell the pageants of the undertaker. But across the Atlantic the old custom endures. The paraphernalia of death are the gratification of the living. The cemetery of each great city is its park, its show-place the suburban pleasure-ground visitors are pressed to visit. It is in vain that the stranger pleads that Kensal Green has no attractions for him; it is in vain that he says he has been a score of times in Paris and has never visited Père-la-chaise. He cannot escape the necessity of a sort of picnic to Mount Auburn or Mount Gilead, and the still more terrible compulsion of admiring the triumphs of monumental art which lie heavy on those sacred acres.

An account of the funeral rites of poor Horace Greeley is the last contribution we receive from the other side of the Atlantic toward the literature of mortality. He was a candidate for the presidency, and, if Englishmen are ready to compass sea and land to get within that heaven which is located at Westminster, the citizens of the States may be pardoned for thinking the chief magistracy of their Union confers dignity on every one who has been thought worthy to be a candidate for it. Did not Mr. George F. Train take his wife all the way back from Australia to America in the fear that, if the child should prove a boy, his chance of being president might be lost by being born outside the Union? A man who was himself nominated as president and is succeeded in his editorial functions by an actual vice-president, must surely be deserving of all honor. The single doubt we feel is whether the mode of doing him honor adopted in the Empire City was the most happily-chosen tribute of respect. As far as we can see, it does not matter who it is; any one that is sufficiently notorious commands the same show of farewell glory. The last great funeral of New York was that of Colonel Fisk. There is no dispute as to what manner of man Fisk was. It is a pity that there is no Henry Fielding to write his life. The materials are ample, and if this debauched and vulgar scoundrel never showed any trace of the courage Jonathan Wild could claim to possess, it may be remembered that, at any rate, he succeeded so well that an es-

teemed and reverend divine was found ready to pronounce a panegyric upon him over his open grave. Fisk was an unabashed swindler, and yet his funeral was touching in its solemnity. He lay in state precisely like poor, honest Horace Greeley, and men and women of New York passed through the hall in thousands and tens of thousands "to take a last look at his familiar features." Female admirers heaped bushels of *immortelles* over the bier, and in their sweet fondness stooped to kiss the glass that served as a window in the coffin-lid.

"Spare me the humiliation of being buried like Fisk" might have been the prayer of Horace Greeley. He was a man who, in spite of a large ingredient of quackery in his nature, which scarcely grew less in advancing years, was entitled to our respect. The ineradicable faults of his own character often prevented him from seeing things justly; the course of his education had been such as to foster rather than correct some of the worst tendencies of his nature, and we fear it is impossible to repress the conviction that he knew that at times he was fighting against light, and shutting up his mind from the avenues of better knowledge. But all this might be said of tribes of the people in other countries besides the States, and in spite of such serious defects it is still true that the career of Horace Greeley is deserving of honor, and he did die in honor. The people of the States felt that they had lost a genuine American when he passed from among them, and political opponents joined political friends in praising the services he had rendered his country. Unfortunately, the grace of this first manifestation of feeling has been marred by the tawdry ceremonials that followed. Let us hope that for the future in the funeral rites of the States we may see something of the triumph of republican simplicity over the miserable pomps that have passed out of honor in the older world.—*London Times*.

BLUSHING.

Men and women, and especially the young, have always valued, in a high degree, their personal appearance; and have likewise regarded the appearance of others. The face has been the chief object of attention, though, when man aboriginally went naked, the whole surface of his body would have been attended to. Our self-attention is excited almost exclusively by the opinion of others, for no person living in absolute solitude would care about his appearance. Every one feels blame more acutely than praise. Now, whenever we know, or suppose, that others are depreciating our personal appearance, our attention is strongly drawn toward ourselves, more especially to our faces. The probable effect of this will be, as has just been explained, to excite into activity that part of the sensorium which receives the sensory nerves of the face; and this will react through the vaso-motor system on the facial capillaries. By frequent reiteration during numberless generations, the process will have become so habitual, in association with the belief that others are thinking of us, that even a suspicion of their depreciation suffices to relax the capillaries, without any conscious thought about our faces. With some sensitive persons it is enough even to notice their dress to produce the same effect. Through the force, also, of association and inheritance our capillaries are relaxed whenever we know, or imagine, that any one is blaming, though in silence, our actions, thoughts, or character; and, again, when we are highly praised.

On this hypothesis we can understand how it is that the face blushes much more than any other part of the body, though the whole surface is somewhat affected, more es-

pecially with the races which still go nearly naked. It is not at all surprising that the dark-colored races should blush, though no change of color is visible in their skins. From the principle of inheritance it is not surprising that persons born blind should blush. We can understand why the young are much more affected than the old, and women more than men; and why the opposite sexes especially excite each other's blushes. It becomes obvious why personal remarks should be particularly liable to cause blushing, and why the most powerful of all the causes is shyness; for shyness relates to the presence and opinion of others, and the shy are always more or less self-conscious. With respect to real shame from moral delinquencies, we can perceive why it is not guilt, but the thought that others think us guilty, which raises a blush. A man reflecting on a crime committed in solitude, and stung by his conscience, does not blush; yet he will blush under the vivid recollection of a detected fault, or of one committed in the presence of others, the degree of blushing being closely related to the feeling of regard for those who have detected, witnessed, or suspected his fault. Breaches of conventional rules of conduct, if they are rigidly insisted on by our equals or superiors, often cause more intense blushes even than a detected crime; and an act which is really criminal, if not blamed by our equals, hardly raises a tinge of color on our cheeks. Modesty from humility, or from an indelicacy, excites a vivid blush, as both relate to the judgment or fixed customs of others.

From the intimate sympathy which exists between the capillary circulation of the surface of the head and of the brain, whenever there is intense blushing, there will be some, and often great, confusion of mind. This is frequently accompanied by awkward movements, and sometimes by the involuntary twitching of certain muscles.

As blushing, according to this hypothesis, is an indirect result of attention, originally directed to our personal appearance, that is, to the surface of the body, and more especially to the face, we can understand the meaning of the gestures which accompany blushing throughout the world. These consist in hiding the face, or turning it toward the ground, or to one side. The eyes are generally averted or are restless, for to look at the man who causes us to feel shame or shyness, immediately brings home in an intolerable manner the consciousness that his gaze is directed on us. Through the principle of associated habit, the same movements of the face and eyes are practised, and can, indeed, hardly be avoided whenever we know or believe that others are blaming, or too strongly praising, our moral conduct.—*Darwin's "Expression of Emotions in Man and the Lower Animals."*

DREAMS.

The great objection, however, to the theory that certain dreams have been intended to foreshadow real events, is the circumstance that the instances of fulfillment are related, while the instances of non-fulfillment are forgotten. It is known that instances of the latter sort are very numerous, but what proportion they bear to instances of the former sort is unknown; and, while this is the case, it is impossible to form any sound opinion on the subject, so far as actual evidence is concerned. It must be remembered that, in this case, we are not dealing with a theory which will be disposed of if one undoubted negative instance be adduced. It is very difficult to draw the line between dreams of an impressive nature—such dreams as we might conceive to be sent by way of warning—and dreams not specially calculated to attract the dreamer's attention. A dream which appeared impres-

sive when it occurred, but was not fulfilled by the event, would be readily regarded, even by the dreamer himself, as not intended to convey any warning as to the future. The only way to form a just opinion would be to record each dream of an impressive nature, immediately after its occurrence, and to compare the number of cases in which such dreams are fulfilled with the number in which there is no fulfillment. Let us suppose that a certain class of dreams were selected for this purpose. Thus, let a society be formed, every member of which undertakes that whenever on the night preceding a journey he dreams of misfortune on the route, he will record his dream, with his ideas as to its impressiveness, before starting on his journey. A great number of such cases would soon be collected, and we may be sure that there would be several striking fulfillments, and probably two or three highly-remarkable cases of the sort; but, for our own part, we strongly entertain the opinion that the percentage of fulfillments would correspond very closely with the percentage due to the common risks of travelling, with or without premonitory dreams. This could readily be tested, if the members of the society agreed to note every occasion on which they travelled: it would be found, we suspect, that the dreamers gained little by their warnings. Suppose, for instance, that ten thousand journeys of all sorts were undertaken by the members of the society in the course of ten years, and that a hundred of these journeys (one per cent, that is) were unfortunate; then, if one-tenth of the journeys (a thousand in all) were preceded by warning dreams, we conceive that about ten of these warnings (or one per cent.) would be fulfilled. If more were fulfilled, there would appear, so far as the evidence went, to be a balance of meaning in the warnings; if fewer, it would appear that warning dreams were, to some slight degree, to be interpreted by the rule of contraries; but, if about the proper average number of ill-omened voyages turned out unfortunately, it would follow that warning dreams had no significance or value whatever; and this is precisely the result we should expect.—*Cornhill*.

SHOPKEEPERS IN PARIS.

If any one wants, I will not say to live cheaply, but even to get his money's worth for what he spends, Paris is no place to reside in at present. Under the empire, every thing was dear, but was, at the same time, the very best that could be had in Europe. Under the republic, living, clothing, and every thing upon which men must spend money, are much more expensive, and the very worst of their kind. The commercial rules of Paris shopkeepers seem to be that, after adding to the prime cost of an article all the different outlays of custom duty, freight, insurance, rent, wages of shopmen, and ten per cent. net profit, they then double the sum total, and ask their customers that price. Rents, taxes, and other expenses, are not small at the West End of London; but the resident in Paris who sends for what he requires in the way of clothing to a retail shop in Piccadilly or Regent Street, has the goods sent by rail to Paris, and pays duty on their arrival, will find that he has spent fifty to sixty per cent. less than if he purchased the same articles on the boulevards or the Rue Richelieu. And this is the system which not only the few resident English in Paris, but French families also, are adopting. The few English tradesmen that are to be found in the city are largely patronized by the upper classes of French people; for they find them honest and truthful—qualities which seem to be unknown among the present race of Parisian shopkeepers. And this distrust extends to all callings and trades. I met, the other day, a well-known member of the Assembly, coming out of Sprent &

Phipps's, the house-agents in the Rue de Rivoli.

"What on earth can you be wanting here?" I asked him. "I thought that none but English and Americans came here for apartments."

"*Mon cher*," he replied, "I seek your countrymen to do my business for me, because they are civil and honest—qualities which our French tradesmen seem to have buried in the earth, and forgotten where they hid them."

In sober truth, it is difficult to imagine a greater contrast in every way than that to be witnessed between English and Parisian shopkeepers of the present time. The former is a man who works to live, and to put by something for his family. He goes at his business with a will for a certain number of hours, but looks to the retirement of his own home, in the evening, as the reward of his day's labor. The latter never leaves his shop, day or night; even on Sunday he sticks to his work, and keeps his place open, as if frightened into death that a few stray francs should escape him. To save the expense of a book-keeper, his wife takes her place all day long at the desk. To enable her to do this, the one or two children they may have in the course of their married life are sent out into the country, to a wet-nurse, the moment they are born; and, save on very exceptional days, when the shop is closed for a few hours, she never sees them again until they are eighteen months or two years old. One of the leading medical men in Paris—a gentleman whose name is well and favorably known all over Europe—assured me, the other day, that, among the women of the *bourgeoisie* class in Paris, not three per cent. who became mothers nursed their own children; not more than twenty per cent. even of the most respectable and well-to-do shopkeeping classes had wet-nurses at home, on account of the expense, but sent their infants into the country to nurse; and that, of those thus sent into the country, more than seventy per cent. died from neglect before they were sent home again. All these facts are perfectly well known to the Parisians; and yet, among the middle classes, the practice continues, simply because it is cheaper and more economical that the wife, as well as the husband, should work in the shop or warehouse; for the habit is as common among wholesale as retail tradesmen. Many Englishmen new to France admire very much the custom of a smart, well-dressed wife presiding over the book-keeper's department of her husband's shop, little thinking of the home misery, and the misery to helpless young children, which the custom entails. But to a class whose politics, whose religion, whose existence, and the very air they breathe, are summed up in the word "money"—whose very god is made up of the bank-notes they accumulate, and the investments in the funds they are able to make—it would be useless to attempt making them aware of their folly and wickedness.—*Belgravia*.

CHINESE ARMS.

The adoption of European engines of destruction by the Chinese, to any appreciable extent, is of very recent date. It has lately been shown that gunpowder is not, as is commonly asserted, a Chinese invention, and that the use of explosive compounds was introduced into China at a comparatively late period. Artillery was first constructed on models derived during the first quarter of the sixteenth century from the Portuguese navigators who visited Canton, and hand-guns were unknown for some time subsequently, until manufactured in imitation of those already in use among the Japanese. Nearly a hundred years after the first rude notions of artillery began to prevail, the French and Italian missionaries ingratiated themselves with

the ruling powers in China by casting cannon of improved form and transcribing European works on fortification and gunnery; and, with the knowledge and appliances current in Europe during the seventeenth century, China remained content until the first war with Great Britain in 1840-42 exposed the inefficacy of her defences and the irresistible power of her antagonist. A hurried and futile endeavor was made at this time to repair the consequences of past neglect by casting monster cannon and by devising torpedoes, for which latter engines the hint was given by an American naval officer, whose ingenuity, however, fell short of his good intentions; but it is not necessary to dwell upon the fate which befell all attempts of this kind to resist the operations of Admiral Parker and Sir Hugh Gough. When hostilities again broke out in 1856, no further progress had been made, and the huge cannon which frowned from the batteries of the Bogue, the walls of Canton, and the earthworks of Taku, proved successively powerless to check the progress of the foreign invader. It was not aggression from abroad but internal disorder that actually launched China upon her present course of improvement in military affairs.—*Cornhill*.

SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT.

Professor W. K. Clifford very happily distinguishes "scientific thought" from "technical thought." Technical thought predicted correctly all the facts of a solar eclipse long before the phenomenon occurred; scientific thought discovered a new planet in theory before it was discovered in fact. Technical thought reasons from admitted premises not only to old results, but to new adaptations of old results; scientific thought takes a speculative "leap in the dark," trusting in a law of Nature wider than the discovered law, but in strict analogy with it, and presents a result in advance of any previously arrived at. Having expounded that distinction, this most promising young philosopher of Cambridge points out that scientific thought is not an accompaniment or condition of human progress, but "human progress itself." I am tempted to add an illustration to those advanced by Professor Clifford in elucidation of his position. Modern Chinese civilization is a good example of the working out of technical thought; while the contemporary history of the Anglo-Saxon race demonstrates the working of scientific thought. We are apt, perhaps, to underrate the mental processes which form the motive power of the national life of the Chinese. Some observers have spoken of mechanical and industrial operations in the Celestial Empire as purely and blindly imitative. But the Chinese do not go to work blindly. In the designing and construction of palaces and bridges their engineers and architects exercise a form of intelligence scarcely distinguishable from that of our own engineers and architects, who design and build on well-recognized principles. The Chinaman is, in fact, not specially imitative; he is conservative. He does not copy any thing new, but follows always in the old track. We must give the race credit for intelligence equal to the work they are doing, but there is no margin. They have no scientific thought, and therefore no progress. When did original thinking cease to operate in China? Is Chinese civilization the monument raised by an early family of men whose inheritance was taken from them and their work carried on, without improvement, by the inferior race which now occupies the country? Or is that stagnation, extending back to prehistoric times, the consequence of the accidental setting up of a conservative fetish which has somehow obtained an almost supernatural power over the mental faculties of the people?—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE common desire to extract a lesson from the death of a great man finds a special opportunity in the demise of Louis Napoleon. But, while all are moralizing on the transient nature of fame and power, and speculating upon the marvellous vicissitudes that, in a single career, exhibit the prisoner, the fugitive, the emperor, the exile, let us give a thought to the conditions that make up what we call greatness. Louis Napoleon's character has been keenly analyzed, and the suspicion was common, even before his death, that the man, once looked upon as inscrutable, as possessing a power and genius which transcended even the more showy and startling qualities of his famous uncle, was, after all, but a figure-head, a man of cunning and adroitness, but of no largeness of capacity or real genius for government. His overthrow may be accepted as a confirmation of these suspicions; and even the misfortunes of the first Napoleon may safely be estimated as distinct consequences of the man's deficiencies. For what is greatness? Is it brilliancy of imagination? or activity and restlessness of spirit? or genius for talk? or insensibility to danger and indifference to consequences? or a power of persuasion and talent for intrigue? or a capacity for details, and completeness of technical knowledge? All these are qualities that sometimes become a power, and often win the admiration of men—but greatness, assuredly, while embodying all or many of these, must be something more. And this something is simply that quality which gives the mind a large and comprehensive survey, enabling it to measure probabilities, foresee results, detect the genesis of principles, and employ functions to a right end. It is simply large and inspired judgment. The brilliant pyrotechnics of a genius like Bonaparte's, dazzling as it may have been, lacked that balance and command which alone can win permanent results, or achieve truly great things. The splendor of his early military triumphs was overshadowed by the blunders of his later campaigns; and the very fact that these campaigns were attempted shows that the qualities that win under occasional fortuitous circumstances are not those which give mastery command over conditions. Having won a crown by military exploits, a broad, comprehensive, far-seeing greatness would have discovered the way how to maintain the crown. And, had the Napoleon just deceased been inspired with high truths, filled with real knowledge of men and government, animated by that true wisdom which measures things by their ultimate possibilities, that fatal phrase, "the man of Sedan," would never have filled a derisive page in history. In truth, Louis Napoleon had no knowledge but that of trickery, intrigue, concealment, mystery, and deadly force. There were admirable de-

tails in his administration; but these were the product of skillful men around him, and of the French genius for organization. But in no large sense did his mind rise to the situation, nor did he ever comprehend the first principles of right, liberty, justice, and free expansion for the energies and aspirations of men, upon which alone states can be permanently founded. There can be no other measure of greatness than results; he, assuredly, is far from a wise pilot, who, while at the helm, permits the vessel to drift where it would. There is definite and measurable greatness in a simple character like Washington's, whose prudence, forethought, and wise discrimination, brought an empire out of conditions the most difficult and threatening. There was greatness in the wisdom of those whose deliberations gave us a government which has withstood all shocks, and which, better than any other plan ever devised, secures the largest liberty and gives the amplest protection to every citizen. There is greatness in calm, far-seeing wisdom like this; there is greatness in men's mastery of the mysteries of Nature, greatness in their close and accurate analysis of the laws of political society, greatness in those inventions which economize labor, and relieve mankind of their burdens; greatness in those schemes which abridge space, and bring nations of men together; greatness in that wisdom which withholds from the impracticable and the visionary; but no greatness in that feverish unrest which plunges into revolutions, accumulates calamities upon mankind, seizes sceptres only to be unable to retain them, and, by boldness of attempt, altogether beyond capacity to perform, fills the world with the clamor of its misdoing.

— A romantic story comes to us from St. Petersburg, to the effect that "Prince Michael Lusignan, a descendant of the former kings of Cyprus, Jerusalem, and Armenia," has been found guilty of forgery by a Russian court of justice, and condemned to exile in the Ural country. The father of the accused, Prince Louis Lusignan, an old man, bent down with sorrow at the conduct of his son, was present at the trial, and appeared to feel keenly the disgrace brought upon his house. Prince Louis was born in Cyprus, in 1808, and received from his father a very large fortune, estimated as high as six million pounds. His inheritance was placed for safe keeping in the hands of Athanasius, Metropolitan of Nicomedia, his maternal uncle. In 1821 Athanasius was put to death by the Turkish authorities, and all his property confiscated, including that of Prince Louis, who barely escaped with his life. After serving for some time in the Greek army, Prince Lusignan went to St. Petersburg, and offered his sword to the Russian Government, on the conditions that he should receive no pay nor mark of distinction for his services, and should not be required to become a Russian subject. The

conditions were accepted; he was assigned to duty with the rank of captain, and he has taken part in almost every campaign made since by the Russian army. During all this time he has made fruitless efforts to recover his property from the Turkish Government. A short time before the late Franco-Prussian War, he had nearly concluded an arrangement with the Emperor Napoleon III., who had promised to use his influence to recover the prince's fortune in consideration of receiving ten million francs in case of success. Sedan put an end to the negotiation, and, the prince's means of living having become nearly exhausted, he was reduced to great straits. Distressed by money embarrassments, the son at last stooped to the commission of the crime for which he has just been sentenced. The decision of the court has been submitted to the czar, and it is hoped that he may grant some mitigation of the punishment. Such is the story as it comes to us from the Russian newspapers. It is possible that a collateral branch of the royal family of Lusignan still exists in the island of Cyprus, and that Prince Michael Lusignan, of St. Petersburg, is its representative; but, as is well known, the lineal heirship is now vested in the house of Savoy, and one of the titles of the present King of Italy, the head of the house of Savoy, is King of Cyprus, Jerusalem, and Armenia. Guy de Lusignan, the founder of this royal line through his marriage, in 1180, with Sibylle, the daughter of Baldwin IV., King of Jerusalem, was the ninth King of Jerusalem and the first King of Cyprus. All his successors styled themselves King of Jerusalem, but the title was an empty one, as the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem virtually ended with the capture of the Holy City by Saladin, in 1187. Pierre II., the thirteenth King of Cyprus, took the title of King of Armenia on the death of his cousin Livon V. This also was but an empty title, for the Turks had possession of the kingdom. His successors, Jean II. and Jean III. (De Lusignans), claimed the three crowns, although that of Cyprus was the only one in possession. Jean II. married Charlotte de Bourbon, the daughter of Jean de Bourbon, Count de la Marche. By her he had two sons, Jean and Jacques, and two daughters, Marie and Anne, the latter of whom married Louis, Duke of Savoy. Jean III., who ruled from 1432 to 1458, left but one legitimate child, Charlotte, who succeeded him. She married Louis, Count of Geneva, a feeble prince, and ruled but a few years, being driven from her throne by Jacques de Lusignan, her natural brother, who assumed the title of Jacques II. Queen Charlotte, the legal heir to the crown, ceded, in 1462, all her rights to her cousin, Charles, Duke of Savoy, and his successors, after which she retired to Rome, where she died in 1487. Jacques II. died in 1473. His posthumous son, Jacques III., was proclaimed at his birth King of Cyprus, Jerusalem, and Ar-

menia, but he never ruled. On the death of his father, the Venetians occupied all the fortresses of the island, and continued to hold it until 1571, when it fell under the power of the Turks. Thus ended this branch of the family of Lusignan, which had reigned in Cyprus for three centuries. Charles I., Duke of Savoy, the legal representative of the line, assumed, in 1493, the title of King of Cyprus, Jerusalem, and Armenia, and it is borne by his successors to this day. Jacques III., the son of the illegitimate Jacques II., retired, with his mother, Queen Catherine, to Venice, where he may have left descendants. But it is more probable that the St. Petersburg princes, Louis and Michael, if they have any just claims to the title which they bear, sprang from some collateral branch. We should be more inclined to believe the story if their fortune had not been put at so high a figure.

— The reader will find among the selections in this week's "Miscellany" the larger portion of an article from the London *Times*, commenting upon recent funeral ceremonies in this city. That the English people have largely abandoned the pomp and show that characterized their funerals a generation ago, is probably true; but American funerals have always, as a rule, been marked by a plainness that has amounted to a painful baldness. The mutes, the lugubrious hangings, the mourning-coaches, the plumes and trappings, that have been the features of an English funeral, have been unknown here. So little, indeed, have we regarded pomp and ceremony, that on these occasions we have scarcely observed what is suitable and proper. We permit the hearse and carriage boxes to be mounted by men in every variety of colored dress, with hands ungloved, who lounge at ease upon their seats, sometimes provide themselves with a jauntily-dressed friend for a companion, and, in their general appearance, take care to extract from the cavalcade every element of dignity or solemnity. It is true in recent years a certain class of funerals in New York have been marked by a vulgar display; showy hearses, with huge imitation ostrich-plumes, and with glass sides, through which the highly-decorated coffin is visible, are frequently seen; but no one familiar with these displays ever dreamed of pronouncing them American. They owe their existence for the most part to the vivid imagination of our Celtic friends. In regard to the funeral of Horace Greeley, upon which the *Times* animadverted, what were the facts? One of our most distinguished citizens was lying dead under circumstances well calculated to excite the liveliest sympathy. The people were anxious to do him honor, first, because they loved his many noble qualities; and, secondly, because they wished to attest their veneration for a man whom many calumnies had hastened to his grave. They went, therefore, in great numbers, but without

show, pomp, or ostentation, to look for the last time upon his face. They went with pity, with sympathy, with love, with veneration; just as in every house of mourning the little circle gathers for the last look at the departed father or brother. There was in the whole thing as little display as possible; numbers gave it importance, and silent grief gave it dignity. And the funeral procession, instead of exhibiting the "tawdry ceremonials" of which the *Times* speaks, was remarkably simple. Two men walked ahead, side by side—they were the mayor and the captain of the police; citizens followed, walking arm-in-arm; then came a few close carriages; then the hearse, which was of the plainest possible description, without plume, ornament, or trapping; then an open barouche, guarded on each side by three policemen, and which contained President Grant and party; then a long row of carriages, and nothing more. The cortège moved silently through the streets, lined with hushed spectators. There was no funeral music, no trappings or symbols of any kind; but the scene was very impressive because of the supreme hush which marked the progress of the procession. Instead of vulgar display, the funeral exhibited conspicuously that republican simplicity which the *Times* adjures us to observe.

MINOR MENTION.

— A movement of real importance has just been decided upon by Harvard College. It is proposed to establish, under the supervision of the college, a series of examinations for young ladies, success in which will entitle the competitors, not, indeed, to the degrees of A. B. and A. M., but to certificates equivalent to university degrees. This project has been urged by an association of Boston ladies, interested in female education, and its adoption by the college is a very significant sign of the times. The examinations and certificates are to be freely offered to all who choose to aim for them, without expense; the examinations will not be confined to Boston or Cambridge, but will be held at various points in New England; they will differ in their standards: the highest examination at first requiring the same degree of proficiency as that entitling a youth to enter the Harvard Freshman class. No doubt, should the experiment succeed, yet more advanced standards will be reached, so that finally young ladies will be able to thus acquire the scholastic rank enjoyed by the college graduate. Of course, preparation for the test must be made by private study, in schools or under tutors; it is not yet time to throw open the portals of old Alma Mater herself to the fair sex. Harvard, in this scheme, follows the example of the elder Cambridge, on the classic Cam, which has for some years conducted examinations for ladies quite similar to those now to be instituted. These have taken place in almost all the larger English towns, with such ample success in testing the feminine capacity to acquire knowledge in classics and mathe-

matics, that the subject of actually admitting them to the university curriculum is mooted, and is being energetically supported by more than one sage Cambridge professor and fellow.

— Young ladies addicted to flirting may read with some consternation that a callous-hearted belle has been burned at the stake, in the West, for jilting a number of admiring lovers. We hasten to quiet their nerves. Were there any prospect that such a punishment would ever be meted out to the sex in our civilized centres, society-queens might well tremble; but, with our more enlightened notions of propriety, which permit no eligible young woman, under penalty of incurring the imputation of rural simplicity, to succumb to male blandishments before she has sacrificed a number of hearts proportionate to her personal charms and social status, there is little cause for apprehension. So long as Fashion looks on approvingly, flirts may exercise their vocation at will, in the absolute certainty that they will never be singed by any hotter flame than that kindled by the treacherous god from whom they derive their inspiration. It is proper to add that the young lady so barbarously treated in the West belonged to the Piute tribe of Indians. If she were possessed in life of a tithe of the spirit which usually actuates her pale-faced sisters, she will return from the land of shadows and lead the braves (?) who compassed her taking-off such a dance that they will wish they had suffered her wiles in silence.

— Our cousins across the water are evidently as little civilized in their treatment of heart-breakers as are our copper-colored brethren of the West. A young lady of Liverpool, whose affections had been trifled with by a curate, succeeded lately in persuading a jury of her countrymen that she had been damaged to the amount of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. To some men such a verdict would be worse than burning alive, and we do not doubt that the reverend flirt felt like a martyr when he heard it announced. It does seem a little disproportionate to the offence, when we consider that he had broken but one heart, whereas the fair Piute, who suffered only with her life, had outraged many. The innocent victim of clerical wiles must have been endowed with extraordinary charms to induce a jury to set upon them so extravagant a valuation. From all of which one may draw the inference that it is dangerous to trifle with the affections in Liverpool and among the Putes.

— Chicago has opened her new public library, which takes the place of the one destroyed in the great fire. Through the energy of her own citizens, and the liberality of the many all over the world, who have aided in filling its shelves, the collection has already assumed proportions worthy of the place which has had so unexampled a growth. But, large as it now is, it by no means equals the ambition of the good people of the resurrected city. Through the medium of her orators, who indulged a little in spread-eagle eloquence at the late opening ceremonies, the world is told that Chicago shall have the largest library in America. A moderate degree of boastfulness on such an occasion

is allowable, particularly when we consider how short a time has elapsed since she sat in sackcloth and ashes. We sincerely hope that she may have a library commensurate with her ambition, and men of culture enough to read all the books within it.

—The most of the delays incident to the delivery of the mails in our cities are occasioned by the necessity of the carrier's waiting at the door of each private house for some one to answer his ring at the bell. These detentions consume so much time that the man is occupied twice or thrice as long as he should be in going his round. A letter-box in each door would obviate the difficulty, and by facilitating delivery lessen the labors of the carriers, and enable them to do far more than now. The Postmaster-General at Washington, and the postmaster of this city, have issued a circular, asking citizens to provide proper boxes for the reception of letters and newspapers; but there is a very general complaint that but few have complied with the request. People generally are careless about such simple matters, and postpone them until the last moment. If they appreciated how much time would be saved, and how much more regularly their mails could be delivered, by providing suitable receptacles, they would attend to it at once.

—Mr. John Brougham writes a great many plays, but only occasionally a good one. Two of his recent attempts have been produced in New York this season, and neither has proved a permanent contribution to dramatic literature. "The Lily of France" proved a conspicuous failure; but this dire result was aided by the incompetence of the leading actress. "Atherley Court" (founded on Robinson's "Bridge of Glass"), at the Union Square Theatre, if not so signally unfortunate, can scarcely maintain a position on the stage. Like almost all plays dramatized from novels, the story is obscure, the action diffuse, and the incidents incoherent. It is strange that a man of Mr. Brougham's experience does not see the necessity of closer and more compact workmanship; of the necessity of coherent action and steadily-advancing story. His plays are loosely constructed; they are wordy; they lack dramatic culmination. Success is hoped for by the means of two or three situations, and this hope often proves a disappointment. "Atherley Court" was superbly mounted at the Union Square—one of the interiors we never saw excelled—and it was marked by fair acting, with one admirable sketch in Mr. Mackay's portraiture of a childish, semi-imbecile old earl; but, on the first night, the diffuseness of the play and great length nearly proved fatal. The latter fault has been remedied, but the obscurity of the story must necessarily exclude it from public favor.

—In Dr. Doran's "Lady of the Last Century," we find quotations from the circular of one Mrs. Makin, a famous tutor of young women in the ways of polite learning, giving instances of admirably-educated Englishwomen, among which is that of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., who, "at nine years old, could write, read, and in some measure understand, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, and Italian." But this mar-

vellous prodigy died in her sixteenth year. "Had she lived," exclaims the enthusiastic Mrs. Makin, "what a miracle she would have been of her sex!" Quite true; but it was rather unfortunate for the over-taught princess that her tutors should attempt the working of miracles. Ambitious folk nowadays continually attempt the same sort of miracle, but usually now, as then, the overcharged brain gives way, and premature death renders the vast array of accomplishments naught.

—Miss Edgarton, a lady no doubt of learning and accomplishments, has been lecturing upon "Gossip," which she discusses with fulness and in some points with originality. She gives the habit of smoking as the reason why men are not so much addicted to gossip as women are. The Emperor William and President Grant are great smokers, and hence their remarkable genius for keeping silent. The Turks, Persians, and other nations who are great smokers, are proverbial for their silence, and contrast notably, so Miss Edgarton thinks, with the chatty French and Spaniards. But the Spaniards are supposed to be devoted smokers, and the French have rather a conspicuous fondness for the weed. Perhaps there is something in the method; the long, solemn pipe of the Turk, inviting so much deliberation and rest in its use, may promote silent meditation, while the flimsy little cigarette of the Cuban stimulates, by its vivacious touch-and-go inhalations, a sparkling and restless humor that bubbles forth in talk. It is thus not exactly the tobacco—but the pipe-smoking nations, that are taciturn.

—Bad handwriting is a great bore to the various unfortunate people who have to read it, but where it deals with a subject of which—as usually happens—the person addressed has some knowledge, a little patience generally surmounts the difficulty, unless, indeed, the writing be of that supremely bad character which caused Sydney Smith to write to his friend Jeffrey: "I have read your letter from left to right, and Mrs. Sydney from right to left, but neither of us can make one word of it." The exasperating feature, *par excellence*, of bad writing lies in *illegible signatures*, and, strange to say, signatures are more often badly written than any other portion of a letter. We imagine that a ridiculous sort of vanity, viz., the idea of having "a characteristic signature," must underlie this exceeding great folly and stupidity. A signature ought, of course, to be the very clearest part of a letter, but it often happens that a person receiving a letter from a total stranger has the utmost difficulty in getting the correct name of his correspondent out of an obscure conglomeration of twirls and dashes. A frequent result is, that postmen are driven half frantic in a vain effort to find the man with what a writer wrongly conjectures is the name appended to the letter he answers, and thus, very often, the return letter never arrives.

—There was a time when a public audience was as prompt to manifest its displeasure by a hiss as its gratification by applause. We have retained the latter function, not, perhaps, in all its vigor, but the hiss has been well described as one of the lost arts.

We are not prepared to say that the employment of this art, after the earlier model, is at all to be desired. The audiences of the old time were exacting, relentless, and often brutally unjust. That an actor or a singer should be hissed because incapable of meeting the expectations of his patrons, is simply a form of rude and thoughtless tyranny. When the disappointment arises from neglect or indifference on the part of the performer, the hiss is no more than a well-deserved rebuke; but the audiences that could hiss a long-tried favorite like Kemble, because the asthma was seriously impairing his utterance, exhibited a brutal selfishness that we are profoundly glad present theatre-goers have outgrown. To hiss earnest and painstaking effort, simply because the performer is not as good as somebody else, is without defence; if people must hiss under such circumstances, let them summon the manager who forced the unfortunate actor into a wrong position, and empty their wrath upon him.

—But notwithstanding we do not deplore the loss of the hiss under the circumstances indicated, it is still to be desired that this excellent public discipline should be retained for many purposes. It is the imperative duty of an audience to hiss indecency on the stage. It is their duty to hiss intoxication. They should relentlessly punish immodesty, or any act of impropriety. They should never forgive the gag, the interpolated text, the out-of-place jest, all unwarranted familiarities; they should demand an earnest attention to business on the part of the performer, but never unnecessarily wound the feelings of those who cater for their pleasure. But these opportunities generally prove too few for a wholesome exercise of the art. There are abundant others: and we wish concert and theatre goers would systematically organize to hiss down the many nuisances that pertain to every public performance. Let them indignantly hiss the musicians who come stumbling noisily into their places in the midst of the important scene at the close of each act. Let them hiss late comers, who heedlessly bustle into their seats, to the disturbance of the whole assembly; hiss the men and women who rush from their places before the play is over; hiss, relentlessly hiss, the chattering and noisy groups so often assembled in the private boxes. If the hiss can be restored in this way—to regulate offenders among the spectators as well as upon the stage—it will generally be welcomed.

—A French almanac, which rejoices in the title of "The Almanach Astrologique, Scientifique, Astronomique, Physique, Satirique, and Anecdote," is given to facetiousness, and numbers among its prognostications for 1873 several predictions, which may be as confidently relied upon by the reader as they are uttered by the publisher. For instance, we are told that "seven thousand eight hundred and sixty-three inventors will send in reports to the *Académie des Sciences* on the direction of balloons, which they profess to have discovered;" that "racing will improve the breed of horses to such a pitch that they will strike and refuse to drag omnibuses, so that we shall have to employ teams of donkeys instead;" that "school-boys will

come home for the holidays without requiring the slightest persuasion," but, on the other hand, will need a deal of urging ere they will consent to return; and, further, that a marvellous tenor, with a heavenly voice, will be discovered, who "will require no salary from the manager who engages him. Only the said manager will have to board and lodge him, pay his tailors' bills, keep him a carriage, find him in pocket-money, and present him with twenty thousand francs per month."

Correspondence.

To the Editor of *Appletons' Journal*.

SIR: Will you permit an old Marlburian to give his views on the fagging system of English public schools as it obtained at Marlborough in his day; which, he trusts, will show that it is far from being the unmixed evil that the comments of the press in this country, on the recent case of brutality at Winchester, would make it out to be?

YOUR JOURNAL has always shown such great fairness in its dealings with matters connected with the Old Country, and exhibited greater intimacy with the workings of English society in all its phases, than any other paper or journal I am acquainted with in this country, that it has emboldened me to write to you on this subject, craving indulgence for trespassing on your space.

In the first place, I do not think English boys, so far as my observation goes, are one whit more brutal than boys of any other nationality. Greater exuberance of animal spirit they may possibly have, and occasionally I have seen in some fair-haired lad a Berserker burst of fury that showed the spirit of his ancestors working in him, untamed by lapse of centuries.

The fagging system, as pursued at Marlborough, admitted of no cruelties being practised by the older boys on the younger ones. There, all below the fifth form were liable to be fagged; and each member of the sixth form, or prefects, as they were termed, had a certain number of boys below the fifth form allotted him as fags, who were called on in rotation to perform such services as were required of them, viz., brushing out the sixth-form boy's study, and washing his dishes, the latter only on rare occasions, as the majority of the sixth form always took their meals in "hall." In return, the sixth-form boy looked after his fags, helped them with their work, gave them good advice, and generally was of assistance to the masters in keeping up the discipline and *morale* of the school. In each dormitory, in the different houses, there was a sixth-form boy, who was responsible to the house-master for the good conduct of the other boys in the dormitory, and considerable latitude was allowed provided we were all in bed by half-past ten. In addition, no boy, however far advanced he might be in his studies, was admitted into the sixth form until he was sixteen years of age, by which time he had generally selected the career in life he meant to follow, whether church, bar, army, civil service, or a mercantile life.

As to whether fagging is justifiable or not, I decline giving an opinion (its tendencies, certainly, were levelling; no boy being exempt, whatever his rank); my desire being only to show that there is not that brutality in the system which it has been credited with.

The only instance that occurred during my stay at Marlborough, of a prefect using a cane

to a fag, drew on him a remonstrance from the other prefects present, and, on his refusing to desist, they called a meeting of their body, and decided by vote to lay the matter before the head-master, which resulted in the offender's being deprived of his prefectural authority.

I am aware that the improvements in the fagging system at Marlborough were mainly due to the influence of such men as George Edward Lynch Cotton, one of its former head-masters, and late Bishop of Calcutta, drowned in the river Hoogly a few years ago—taken from this earth before his work was half accomplished, though yet there linger in our ears the voice of one—

"whose spirit, stirring,
Still among us seems to dwell,
All our young hearts onward spurring,
Those young hearts he loved so well."

His memory is revered by all old Marlburians, as that of Arnold at Rugby, whose follower he was, being, I believe, the young master referred to in the closing chapters of "Tom Brown's School-days." The system he introduced was admirably carried on by his successor, George Granville Bradley, who also was an old Rugbeian, and, I think, a pupil of Arnold.

I do not think that in this country people can realize the intimate relations that exist between masters and pupils at an English public school. The masters, nearly all old public-school men, who have distinguished themselves at one or other of the universities, join with the boys in all their games, make themselves acquainted, as far as possible, with the thoughts, feelings, and aspirations of the boys, encouraging their tastes in one direction or another by offering prizes from their own private means for various studies and pursuits, apart from the regular curriculum, such as for the best collection of botanical specimens gathered in the neighborhood—there being a fine field for this in Savernake Forest and in Pewsey Vale—or for the best examination passed in natural history.

So far from harshness being shown to the boys, they were taught in every possible way that their honor was trusted, and rarely did they betray that trust.

The case of "bullying," at Winchester, seems to have been one of unparalleled brutality, such as I, in my twelve years' experience of school-life, never met with, and I am astonished that any one could have been found to defend the conduct of the prefect in this instance. At Marlborough, such a case would have been visited with instant expulsion.

A. MITCHELL.

RACINE, WISCONSIN, January 4th.

Editor of the *Journal*.

ON page first of a late number of your excellent paper, in an article on "James Russell Lowell," you state that John Lowell inserted in the Bill of Rights the clause "All men are born free and equal."

Considering that there is no such clause in that venerable document, what is to become of the fame of John Lowell?

Very respectfully yours,

J. L. B.

If our correspondent will look again at the article on which he comments, he will see that it is the Constitution of Massachusetts to which it referred, and not, as he evidently supposes, the Constitution of the United States. The first article of the Constitution of Massachusetts begins with these words: "All men are born free and equal." It was

framed and adopted in 1780, eight years before the ratification of the Constitution of the United States.—EDITOR JOURNAL.

Literary Notes.

MR. FREDERIC HUDSON'S "Journalism in the United States" (Harpers) is a noteworthy and, in many respects, an exceedingly valuable book; and the moment for its publication seems to us to have been remarkably well chosen. Not only is the public attention drawn in a very unusual degree to the newspaper press by the fact that it has played what can fairly be called an unprecedented part in the politics of the last two years, but the time seems to mark a most important era in the history of American journalism itself—the end of the personal leadership of the editor as a man making the newspaper his mouth-piece, and the beginning of the greater power of the impersonal journal in its high functions of public guardian, reformer, and educator. To note this very obvious fact, especially in the light of recent events, is, of course, to make an observation of no very great originality; but we are struck with the particularly forcible manner in which, though unintentionally, Mr. Hudson's work brings it to mind. His book might be called with quite as much propriety "American Editors" as "Journalism in the United States." The newspapers of which he gives us the history are so identified with their editors and founders that a large part of his record is taken up with anecdotes of a purely biographical nature, with statements which show how entirely the existence of a public journal has depended on the life, vigor, and skill of one man, and in what a completely personal fashion such a journal was formed and used. The book would not be a true description of the past if it were not so made up, and we perhaps find in this portion of the work its greatest value. Mr. Hudson's statistics and accounts of newspaper improvements are also of worth; but statistics we can always have. It is for recording what is passing away that we must chiefly thank an historian; and the generation just growing up would know very little, save for some such collection of anecdote and episodes, of the personal struggles, intrigues, and achievements, which have filled what will some day be known as the primitive, heroic period of American journalism. For the time is surely coming when an editor's writing of "my paper," in a leader over his own initials, will be as perfectly a thing of the past as Louis's "I am the state." We cannot help thinking the arrangement of Mr. Hudson's work somewhat confused, with a marked air of the scrap-book; and we notice some important omissions, of which we have not space to speak. There is, perhaps, a little too much of *The New-York Herald* in the book, as might, indeed, be expected of the newspaper with the workings of which the author is understood to have been best acquainted; but these defects do not destroy the worth of his contribution to journalistic history.

A little book, entitled "An Only Sister," forming one of a series of stories for girls, announced as edited by Mrs. (Mulock) Craik (Harpers), has impressed us very pleasantly. It is a story of a phase of French home-life rarely presented to us, and has such elements of simplicity, grace, and sincere religious thought, unmingled with cant, as make it an excellent variation from the type too often found in series of similar design. It is by

Mme. Guizot & Writ, and was written for this collection, appearing in translation before its publication in the original French.

It is, no doubt, a wise desire on the part of historical students to obtain primarily an intelligent conception of all the great, leading events in history, which subsequent reading may leisurely expand. Dr. Collier's "Great Events of History" was designed to serve this purpose; and an American edition of the work has just been issued by Messrs. Schermerhorn & Co., which, by prefacing the work with an account of events from the creation of man down to the opening of the Christian era, and adding articles on the settlement of America, the Indian wars, the American Revolution, the War of 1812, the Southern Rebellion, and the just-closed Franco-German War, gives notable completeness to the work. Larger space is given to some of these recent events than the primary design of the work warrants; but these additions do not, at least, injure the value of the original framework, which affords an excellent, succinct picture of those events in history which have founded empires and marked the changes in the political history of mankind.

The most extraordinary book ever seen on this side of the Atlantic is now on exhibition at the store of Mr. Bouton, of this city. It is a copy of the Bible, "expanded," by inlaying and illustration, to sixty imperial-folio volumes. This remarkable monument of patience and zeal is the work of Mr. James Gibbs, of London, who occupied nearly forty years in collecting and arranging the materials for it. The illustrations, numbering some thirty thousand in all, comprise numerous drawings by Raphael, Caracci, and a dozen others of the most celebrated masters of the old time, and some also by famous modern artists; engravings and etchings from the most noted hands; early woodcuts; and illuminations or missal paintings, on both paper and vellum, some of which date as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century. This wonderful book is a vast gallery of Christian art, in which every master of the earlier times is worthily represented, and contains, besides, some of the best work of modern artists. The price of the work is ten thousand dollars.

Dr. Feuchtwanger has published a fourth edition of his "Popular Treatise on Gems," a work giving much valuable and interesting information in regard to precious stones. The doctor does not have full command of the English idiom, and his style is rather dry; yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, his treatise deserves a place in every library of any pretensions. Every well-informed person must have at least some little knowledge of diamonds, pearls, rubies, and the like embodiments of preciousness; and this book will supply all needed information for most readers. It is neither so well written nor so well arranged as its British counterpart, "Emanuel on Diamonds and Precious Stones," but has the advantage of some finely-executed colored plates. We regret to add that the present edition is not fully brought down to date, and hope the next one will be more thoroughly revised.

"Appletons' Hand-Book of Southern Travel," just issued, is not merely a new edition of this well-known guide-book, but an entirely new work, having been rewritten from title-page to *finis*. It is now complete in its information in regard to all places south of Mason

and Dixon's line, affording a vast fund of facts, important, not only to the traveller, but to those who contemplate settling in that section. The chapters on Florida, and other places resorted to by invalids, are very full; the chapter on Texas contains much new and valuable information, derived from recent travel. The descriptions of all the rail and water routes, of the cities, of the characteristics and resources of each State, are all full and trustworthy. The book is an exhaustive gazetteer for the Southern States, as well as a guide-book.

Mrs. Leonowens, so favorably known as the author of the "English Governess at the Siamese Court," lays the public under renewed obligations by her "Romance of the Harem" (Osgood & Co.). This "romance" is not, as one might suppose, a fiction, but a series of sketches from real life in that strange and out-of-the-way place, the kingdom of Siam. Had not the writer taken precaution to tell us that most of the stories, incidents, and characters, related or spoken of in the book, were personally known to her to be real, we should consider it a very clever work of imagination. The title is well chosen. The stories are as romantic as those of a skillfully-concocted novel. The volume is liberally illustrated with wood-engravings, which are both curious and interesting.

Under the title of "Heavenly Blessedness: what it is, and how obtained," we are presented with a series of twelve discourses on the beatitudes, by the Rev. Chauncey Giles. Mr. Giles is a Swedenborgian, and these discourses are, of course, given from that point of view; but, being of a practical bearing, with but a trifling flavor of doctrinals, they will be acceptable to persons of almost every faith. Mr. Giles has the reputation of being one of the ablest men in the ministry of his Church—a fame doubtless deserved, to judge from these sermons, which are full of liberal, advanced, and catholic thought, expressed in an elegant and agreeable manner. (New Church Board of Publication.)

Appleton & Co. have issued "The Spy," in their new illustrated edition of Cooper's novels. The new designs, by Mr. Darley, are in his best vein. This edition of our national romancer is a popular one, and brings the great novelist to a host of readers who have hitherto known him only by reputation. The same house are also publishing a library edition of Cooper, "The Pathfinder" and "The Last of the Mohicans" being the issues for the present month.

G. Haven and J. Bishop Putnam, under the firm-style of G. P. Putnam's Sons, continue the publishing business of the late Mr. Putnam. In the language of the *Circular*, "the members of the trade cordially wish to the new house a continuance of all the pleasant associations that clustered around the old."

Messrs. Schermerhorn & Co. publish a "Manual of Land-Surveying, with Tables," by David Murray, A. M., Professor of Mathematics in Rutgers College. The work was prepared "with the double object of furnishing a text-book in this branch of practical mathematics, and also a manual for the use of the surveyor."

Garibaldi is writing a novel, entitled "The Hyena of Paris." It is believed that this title ungallantly refers to the ex-Empress of the French.

The Hungarian Academy of Sciences offers ten thousand florins for the best history of Hungary. The work may be written in French, German, or Hungarian; but it must fill no fewer than one thousand octavo pages.

Victor Hugo's only surviving son has a life of George Washington in press.

Art Notes.

SINCE George Inness went abroad, between two and three years ago, very few of his pictures have found their way into any of the New-York galleries. We learn, however, that he has made an arrangement with Williams & Everett, of Boston, by which all his later works have been sent to them for exhibition, with the exception of such as he has sold in Europe.

Of American landscape-painters, Mr. Inness is perhaps more susceptible to "moods" than any other, and the result of these moods have been some of the most poetical pictures that have ever been produced in this country. Uniting a very powerful imagination to great knowledge of the capacity of colors, he has stamped on sunset-clouds, damp grass at twilight, lonely glades between forest-trees, and upon open, windy fields, a sphere of reality which shows an intense sympathy with Nature, and a power to give objective reality to her different conditions.

Simple scenery, interpreted by such an artist as Inness, has acquired a strong hold upon people who would otherwise have been oblivious to its unobtrusive charms; and many, who could look on a field of wheat or an open-country road as commonplace, have come to realize its beauty interpreted through his imagination. To this subtle sympathy with Nature, which is instinctive and a matter of temperament, Mr. Inness unites a perception of spiritual meanings underlying her external forms; and, to interpret these higher meanings aright, he devotes all the strength of his thought and the subtlety of his pigments.

Among the pictures that he has lately sent to this country, and which are now in Boston, is one of Rome, as seen from the banks of the Tiber—the grayest and most subdued painting from his pencil that we have ever seen. It is taken at sunset; and, against a pale, cold sky, rises a bluish, hazy *silhouette* of the dome of St. Peter's and the buildings of the city at its base. No details are visible besides this outline; and the beholder would scarcely suspect that Rome could be so slightly shadowed forth, melancholy in the gathering twilight, and looking scarcely more than a natural formation in the landscape.

The space between the city and the river in the foreground is occupied by rows of large trees, which are dark in shadow; while in the front of the painting lies the sluggish Tiber, brown and turbid, between slimy shores. On the opposite bank, half concealed by the darkness, is a figure of a solitary man beside a smouldering fire, and from it the smoke half rises and half settles in the heavy evening air.

The sky in this painting is lovely, pure, and spiritual; serene as any in Raphael's pictures. Little birds hover in the air, and tender, gold clouds look like gates to a celestial city.

Most painters have idealized Rome, giving an added glory to each detail of its structure. Inness, in adopting the opposite method, and giving it to us as almost a blank for the ima-

gination to fill out, has made a much more poetical, if not a wiser, picture.

We cannot fully guess what was the artist's idea, but, apparently, he wished to draw the mind away from the earthly church, and attract it to a spiritual one; for Rome itself, with St. Peter's and its surroundings, is certainly inexpressibly melancholy, veiled and dimmed, as it is in this picture, with mists and humid vapors; while the heaven over it is so pure and bright that one instinctively turns to it to seek within its depths the temple not made with hands, which such a sky might conceal.

The solitary watcher on the river-bank beside his lonely fire, which resembles an altar, seems to be meant for a type-figure; but the peculiar truth Mr. Inness wished to embody in his picture hovers over our heads, though we cannot grasp what is as intangible, but as real, as the golden skies above St. Peter's.

Another very fine picture, by Mr. Inness, is a view of the Campagna from the hills near Rome, with the windings of the Tiber. The canvas is a large one, four or five feet high at least—an upright—the other picture of "Rome" being long but low.

This painting of the Campagna was purchased for five thousand dollars in gold by an American gentleman. It has some magnificent trees in it, stone-pines and cypress, and a row of olives, if we mistake not, from their whitish-green foliage. The drawing is very strong, but its effect on one's imagination is slight after looking at the "Rome." In these days of pre-Raphaelite severity of study from Nature, people unfamiliar with the hilly country about Rome are apt to fancy that the slender, plume-like trees in the landscapes in Raphael's Madonnas are very conventional and unnatural, they are so tall and slender, with their trunks and branches swaying as if scarcely strong enough to support the bunches of leaves at their tips. But one needs only to go to Perugia to find the models of these pictured trees all about him. Turner has put a few of them into his pictures; and, in a little silver-hued landscape of Inness, one of them sways and trembles on a hill-side overlooking quiet meadows and the distant sea.

Previous to Mr. Inness's residence in Europe, the under-color of his paintings was a rich brown, and upon this color he spread his red, green, and orange pigments; the brown under-tone appearing on the edges of rocks and turf, and dappling through the grass, giving a warm but somewhat artificial tone to his landscapes. Since he went to Rome, he has at times varied this brown under-tint with a neutral gray, an entirely negative basis, from which he can equally work in colder or warmer, darker or lighter hues. Mr. Page, with whom formerly Mr. Inness was intimately associated, uses this method, but we do not know what has induced Inness to adopt this change, nor do we feel prepared to approve or dislike it. One improvement is very marked in him, and that is the *quality* of his light. Any one who has studied Nature much must have observed that the *color* of the atmosphere and of light partakes of the tints of metals. We unconsciously use the phrases "leadened-hued clouds," "silver skies," and "golden sunsets," and the distinctions are true; and these peculiarities of real daylight are what Inness has acquired more perfectly, we fancy, than any artist since Claude. Paintiness has long been disappearing more and more from his pictures; it is the *quality* of the objects, and not their material substance in paint, that we recognize from his brush; and now he has touched, perhaps, the subtlest element in landscape, and is rendering its *effect* to us.

We wish New-Yorkers might more frequently have the chance to see the works of this great artist; but it is at least a satisfaction to know that they are multiplying in number, and that step by step they are gaining new heights of excellence.

There is a strong probability that American art will not be represented in the forthcoming Vienna Exhibition. This result has been brought about by a series of causes, rather than by any one particular cause. In the first place, Commissioner Van Buren, having many things of great moment upon his mind, did not turn his attention to the fine-art department until the month of December, when an advisory committee was appointed to select such works as should be considered best fitted to represent the condition of art in this country. By some strange misdirection, not a single artist was placed upon this committee, although, in the department of architecture, all the members of the advisory committee were architects. The artists were deeply offended, and made their feelings known through the columns of the daily press. They asserted that they were, as a body, as unprejudiced as the committee appointed, and were infinitely more competent as judges than the highly-respectable and eminent gentlemen who were its members, seeing that these had no artistic knowledge whatsoever. The committee, feeling the justice of the position taken by the artists, resigned in a letter to Commissioner Van Buren, in which they requested him to refer the matter to the National Academy of Design. General Van Buren, however, would do no such thing. He was excessively piqued at the comments of the press and at the action of the artists, and he published a card, stating that, as the pictures to be sent to the exhibition at Vienna were for the most part in the possession of gentlemen with whom the members of the advisory committee were personally acquainted, they were therefore the fittest persons to serve. Since the publication of this letter, he has held no communication with the Academy of Design, and there is, therefore, no committee. Should one be appointed now, it will be too late, since there is not sufficient time remaining in which any thing can be done. It is unfortunate that there should have been this misunderstanding in the matter, as the credit of the country suffers. But it is plain, from General Van Buren's card, that he has not fully comprehended the point made by the artists, which is, that they are the best judges of American art. This he has not touched upon, and has simply brought forward a mere question of convenience, which plainly is a very subordinate matter. It is to be hoped that, sooner or later, a state of things will cease which has injured Americans at every foreign exhibition, and at no time more forcibly than on this occasion. The fatal delays, the unseemly squabbles, and the official ill-temper, which, with each recurring exhibition, are manifested before the world, are not necessary consequences of republican government, though its enemies never fail so to proclaim. But it all results from the unfortunate estimation which our government has of the fine arts. If a public statue is required, it is referred to a committee who know nothing of the arts, and who invariably drag from obscurity some monstrous incapacity. The natural, the only cultivated arbiter of such matters, is the National Academy of Design. When a congressional committee refers art questions to them, the precedent of safety will have been established, and all will go well, without friction and without folly.

Home and Foreign Notes.

THE only civilized country in the Old World, in which torture is still in use, is Roumania. Recently a few men were arrested at Bucharest for hiesing at the opera-house an actress who was believed to be on too intimate terms with Ostvonfos, the prefect of the Wallachian police. The unfortunate prisoners, to their horror, were not released on the day following their arrest, but subjected to worse than mediæval tortures. They were whipped with the so-called sand-sausage, a bag filled with wet sand. This instrument of torture inflicts terrible pains, but leaves no marks whatever on the body of the culprit. The prisoners were thus tortured, in order to wrest from them a confession whether or not the hiesing of the actress had been the consequence of a preconcerted conspiracy. They denied it, and were then treated to the joys of the "ash-bag," that is to say, their heads were put into bags filled with ashes. The jailers beat with sticks upon the bags, causing the ashes to penetrate into the eyes, mouths, nostrils, and ears of the prisoners. A refined sort of bastinado wound up the horrible performance. Two young men, who had been conspicuous at the theatre on the above-mentioned occasion, were then subjected to the torture of the so-called "truth-finder." The "truth-finder" is a sort of wooden forceps, by which the temples of the culprit are compressed. This was too much for the sufferers, and they confessed all that their tormentors wanted them to say. The latter, however, have since then been arrested, and removed from their official positions.

Mark Twain says, you cannot find as much climate bunched together anywhere in the world as you can in the Sandwich Islands. You take a thermometer and mark on it where you want the mercury to stand permanently, with the privilege of ranging five or six degrees at long intervals, and you may select the spot that will exactly accommodate you. At Honolulu it is always about 82°; five hundred feet up the mountain-sides you can have it permanently at 70°; go higher, and your mercury falls to the exact point you like. If you want snow and ice forever, go to the summit of Mauna Kea; if you want it hot, go to Lahaina, "where they do not hang the thermometer on a nail, because the solder might melt."

It is not surprising that St. Petersburg has periodical visitations of the cholera, for, according to a correspondent of the *London Times*, the houses of the capital of Russia are sunk in sewage. Almost every house has its cess-pool, into which excremental matter is thrown, and the liquid soaks into the earth to the foundations. Canals, which are simply great open sewers, also intersect the city, and the filthy water is used for drinking and cooking by a portion of the population. No attempt whatever at drainage is made. If the plague should sweep the city, the people will utter the usual cry, "A visitation from God!"

Compulsory education has existed in Denmark since the beginning of this century, but stricter laws have recently been enacted. Pupils are to continue at school until their sixteenth year, but, during the summer, in the agricultural districts, the larger children are to be partially exempted from attendance. In the towns, the more advanced pupils must give twenty-four hours to study weekly, and young children eighteen hours, or three hours a day. Schools will be established for those over sixteen, who desire to pursue an advanced course, and in every district where six join in application an evening-school will be established. Fines are the penalty of neglect.

The ex-King of Hanover, George V., was recently robbed at his Heitzing villa, near Vienna, of valuable diamonds and United States bonds, worth a quarter-million of dollars. It is believed that one George Fuchs, who formerly lived in New York, and who has recently been travelling in Germany as a spiritual medium, in which capacity he made the acquaintance of the ex-King, is the thief, and the detectives who worked up the case think that Fuchs has escaped to the United States.

A reward of ten thousand dollars is offered for his apprehension.

Good champagne is of a pale-amber color; the darker tint, known as *cail de perdreau*, is simply produced by the coloring-matter expressed from the skins of the grapes. The pink champagne, which came into fashion some twenty-five years ago, owed its color to the introduction of a small portion of deep-red wine, an infusion of cochineal, or to the juice of elder-berries mixed with alum. Good champagne, although when exposed will be deprived of its carbonic-acid gas, will still retain its body and flavor.

The French Government is going to suppress the famous *bagne* or convict establishment at Toulon, by December 31, 1873. It will be reduced to merely a depot for convicts prior to immediate embarkation. New Caledonia is proving very useful to France as a convict colony, and she finds it much more cheap and convenient to ship her prisoners off there than to keep them in France.

There is nothing like keeping a proverb well in mind. A gentleman in Connecticut, respecting the ancient advice in regard to marrying in haste, has recently led his bride to the altar after a courtship of fifty years, during which long period he had spent his Sunday evenings in the society of his love.

Dr. von Graefe, the celebrated German oculist, who died a few years ago, leaves in his posthumous papers the remarkable admission that he frequently performed dangerous operations when he despaired of success, merely to gratify the patients and their relatives.

Excavations have recently been made, with promising results, on what is believed to be the site of Troy. The ruins of a house have been discovered, the skeleton of a woman with ornaments of gold, the bones of a child, and a vast number of tiles.

The destruction of the charming watering-place of Warnemünde, on the Baltic, in consequence of the recent floods in those regions, deprives the Grand-duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin of at least half a million dollars in valuable property.

The daughter of George Sand is going to be married to a former Catholic priest, named Tounane. The bridegroom is now, despite his clerical antecedents, proprietor of a livery-stable at Tours, and is reputed to be quite wealthy.

Seventy-six per cent. of the weather-predictions from Washington for 1873 prove correct, and fully one-half of the rest only anticipated slightly the condition of weather announced as "probable."

The Khédive of Egypt has ordered the wedding outfit of his daughter to be made at Paris. One of the items of the order is flounces of *point d'Alençon* at eight hundred dollars a yard.

Many of the growing lads in the agricultural districts of England are said to breakfast on bread steeped in hot water; to dine on a bit of dry bread and a herring, and to feed altogether at the cost of twopence a day.

In Edinburgh, fifteen thousand families, a third of the entire population, live in single rooms, and in forty-six cases the crowded apartment shared by the whole family has not a window nor a cranny to let in light or air.

Colonel James Fisk is sending special contributions from spirit-land to one of the spiritualist journals, in one of which he declares he is still employed on the Erie Railroad!

In the London *Lancet* we find the following advertisement: "Wanted, a respectable and responsible female attendant for a young lady addicted to intemperance."

The ex-Emperor Napoleon III., during his life, was subjected to no fewer than sixteen surgical operations, seven of which endangered his life.

Théophile Gautier left no fewer than sixteen unpublished manuscripts; among them are five long novels.

A painting, by Grouze, "St. Lawrence's Martyrdom," has recently been discovered in St. Laurent Church, Strasbourg.

The women of Columbus, Georgia, have discarded Paris finery, and are wearing the plaids and checks manufactured in that city.

Bismarck's wealth, as given by himself in his tax statement, is 2,500,000 dollars. Ten years ago he was unable to pay his debts.

Glattstern, the abductor of a New-York heiress in Switzerland, is reported to be hopelessly sick at Heidelberg, in Germany.

Two hundred and ten duels were fought in France during the first eleven months of 1873.

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

JANUARY 4.—Second trial of Edward S. Stokes for killing James Fisk, Jr., closed; found guilty of murder in the first degree.

The town of Carlisle, Ky., partially destroyed by fire.

Stranding of the steamers Sir Francis and Texas on the Massachusetts coast in a fog.

Intelligence of the abandonment at sea of the Isabella Hartley, bound from New York to Antwerp; most of the crew saved.

The horse-disease rages in Colorado, extending over the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains for a distance north and south of five hundred miles.

General von Roon remains Chief Minister of War in Prussia, General von Kamecke to cooperate with him.

JANUARY 5.—Sleet-storm in New-York City and vicinity, which impedes travel. Rain-icicles break down the telegraph poles and wires and telegraphic communication cut off. Sleet-storm throughout New Jersey. Fruit-trees seriously injured.

JANUARY 6.—Congress reassembles. An appropriation for the Teton Sioux is made by the Senate. The House resolves that the sittings of the committee investigating the Credit Mobilier frauds shall be public, and authorizes a suit against the company.

The People's Legislature of Louisiana organizes without opposition, great crowds assembling.

Edward Stokes sentenced to be hanged February 28th.

Railroad accident near Peoria, Ill.; ten persons injured.

Elisha Baxter installed Governor of Arkansas.

The ship Wallace, of Boston, destroyed by fire in Torbay Harbor, the crew narrowly escaping.

The Carlists are reported again active in Spain.

The Greek Government consents to submit the question of the Taurium silver-mines to arbitration.

A deputation of Irish Catholics tender the Pope a large contribution.

JANUARY 7.—The Senate authorizes the Committee on Privileges and Elections to investigate the Louisiana and Arkansas presidential elections.

The New-York Chamber of Commerce condemns the bills before Congress for taking the control of immigration from the States.

Several members of the International Society arrested in Paris and the provinces; Orsini bombs in possession of some of them.

The Carlists in Spain tear up the rails between Miranda and Bilbao, and Alama and Pampeluna, and burn a railway-station with petroleum, making the officials of the road prisoners.

Advices of an inundation of Bogota; much property destroyed and several lives lost.

Intelligence of a revolution in the State of Cauca, Colombia, against President Mosquera.

Advices of a filibustering incursion in Colombia, by two Venezuelan generals, heading bands that plunder the inhabitants.

Intelligence that General Morales, President of Bolivia, was shot dead by his nephew, La Faye, November 27th, and that Don Adolfo Battissan was elected by Congress to fill his place.

Railway accident near Louisville, Ky.; twenty persons injured.

JANUARY 8.—A mob attacks a meeting at Derby, England, addressed by Sir Charles Dilke, and several persons are injured.

The pioneer Protestant church in Rome consecrated.

The report that the Austrian Government intends to dispense with the services of Count von Benat officially denied.

The Left Centre of the French National Assembly reported hopelessly divided.

The Swiss Federal Council threaten vigorous measures against the Canton of Valais for tolerating Jesuit school-masters.

King Amadeus accepts the resignation of Captain-General Latorre, of Porto Rico, and appoints General Flores as his successor.

Installation of Governor Woodson, of Missouri.

Collision on Midland Railroad, N. J.; an engineer killed.

Mrs. Carr and three children burned to death near Morton, Pa., by explosion of kerosene-lamp.

Large fire at Oswego, N. Y.; smaller fires at Troy, N. Y., Pittsburg, and Lancaster, N. H., and Boston, Mass. Coal-mining works at New Philadelphia burnt.

Trial of William M. Tweed commenced before Judge Davis, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, New York.

Intelligence of the killing of nineteen whites by the Medoc Indians.

Advices that the steamship Edgar Stuart sailed from Aspinwall 25th ult., for Cuba, with munitions of war for the insurgents, and volunteer recruits under General Aguero.

JANUARY 9.—Death of ex-Emperor Louis Napoleon, at Chislehurst, England.

An interpellation in the Prussian Diet demands of the government by what legal authority journals had been prosecuted for publishing the papal allocation.

General Moriones appointed commander-in-chief of the Spanish army in the north.

The upper floors of the granary of Lion Brewery, Lambeth, London, give way, burying the manager and employees in the ruins.

The bill to create a national Bureau of Immigration practically defeated in the House.

JANUARY 10.—Intelligence that fifty-nine fishermen of Yarmouth, Mass., were drowned in recent gales.

Dispatch that disturbances are feared in South Wales in consequence of a miners' strike.

Carlism insurgents attack the town of Tafalla, and are driven back by government troops.

President Thiers, and the Thirty's sub-committee, agree to articles permitting the President to address the Assembly on certain specified occasions, and giving him a restricted veto power.

Intelligence of the death, at Stuttgart, of Anne Crane Seemüller, author of "Emily Chester."

Indian Appropriation Bill passes the United States Senate.

President Thiers officially regrets the indiscreet publication of the Duke de Gramont. Count von Benat publishes in the *Indépendance Belge* an answer to the assertions of De Gramont, showing that Austria tried to dissuade France from going to war with Prussia, and explicitly reserved her right to remain neutral.

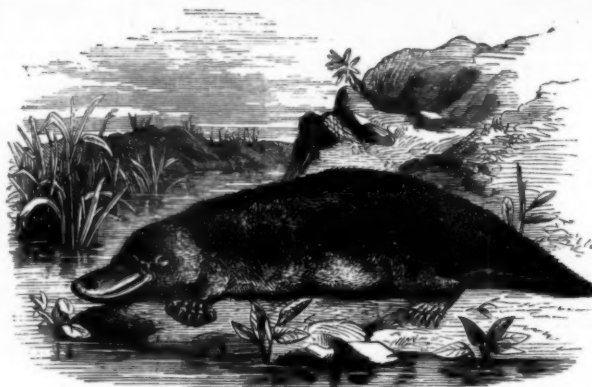
Acquittal of Judge Prindle, at New York, on trial for impeachment.

The Museum.

Australian Animals.

AS far as outward appearance is concerned, the Platypus (*Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*) may be popularly described as a cross between a beaver and a duck. Its length is about twenty-one inches. The body is long, broad, and flat; tail as broad, and very flat; and then, instead of an ordinary mouth, there

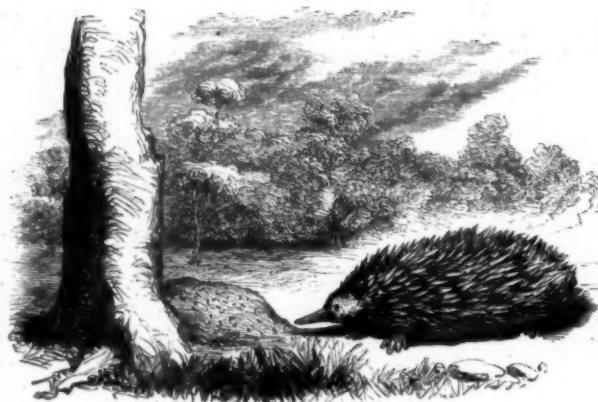
is a broad, flat bill. The body is covered with a thick down, or woolly fur, through which protrude longer, fine, glossy hairs, giving the whole much the appearance of sealskin; though, if these hairs be plucked out, the remaining fur much resembles that of the chinchilla. Perhaps, of all animals, the platypus is the most difficult to skin. Owing to the great development of the cutaneous muscles, the whole operation has to be performed by successive small and delicate cuts with a knife, rendering it a slow and tedious operation. Moreover, the tail, which is one mass of fat, is about as difficult a subject for the skinner as one could well imagine. In color, the platypus is of a dark brown on the back and sides, and of a beautiful silvery white underneath. Occasionally along the belly is to be seen a broad, rufous marking, greatly improving the appearance of the skin, which should, in this case, be taken off by an opening down the back. The tail is covered with coarse, short hair, and is usually worn quite bare on its underside. The fore-feet show a very high development of swimming power, having long, flat nails at the end of the toes; and, under the whole of them, a dark-colored web, of great use in the water: this is only attached as far as the base of the claws, and, for this reason, offers but little resistance to the water in the forward stroke of the paw. It is possible that it may, besides, thus be kept out of the way, while the foot is being used for grubbing in the earth. The hind-legs, which are, equally with the fore-legs, short and stumpy, do not appear to be of any use in swimming; they being armed with long and sharp claws, probably to assist in burrowing, and likewise as a means of offence and de-



THE PLATYPUS.

fence. In certain parts of Australia and Tasmania platypi are very common, and are readily to be found, if looked for at the right hours. They enjoy swimming about on the water on sunny days in winter, whereas, in summer, they only appear after the sun has set. In the distance they much resemble an English water-rat, though, on nearer approach, the difference is very marked. They will usually dive on

the approach of any one, but will reappear at the surface almost immediately; and, if the observer keep motionless, they will swim about. These curious little animals are of a very playful disposition, and may frequently be seen splashing and tumbling about in the water. The Porcupine Ant-eater (*Echidna spinosa*) is locally known as "the porcupine," though no relation to the ordinary type of porcupine. It is somewhat larger than an English hedgehog, and much resembles that animal, excepting that the spines are in a higher degree of development, more like those of the true porcupine. The echidna, however, belongs to quite a different class of animals; it feeds on ants, and has a long, thin snout, with a small mouth at the tip, from which it sends forth its long tongue; this is immediately attacked by ants, which are quickly drawn on it within the mouth. In some districts the "porcupine" is very common, and in all the numerous ant-hills its burrow will be seen. It has extraordinary strength and capacity for grubbing in the earth; and there are stories of its having disappeared through paving-stones! There is most incontestable evidence that, at Port Arthur, in Tasmania, one did really make a hole through a brick wall, by grubbing into the mortar, and then clearing out the loose bricks. The probability is that it grubbed at the softer mortar, and the bricks became loosened and fell out. The Chinese in Australia are very partial to the flesh of the echidna, which they declare makes a capital fry; but the white population have not yet learned to appreciate its delicacy. "Porcupines" are to be found curled up in clefts of rocks, about tree-stumps and logs, and can be often readily tracked thither from ants'-nests.



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